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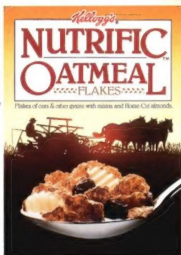
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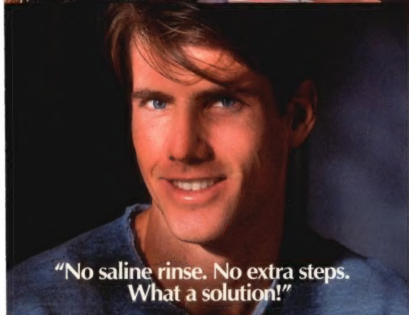
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*The above payment is based on a manufacturer's suggested retail price of \$14,647 (including dealer destination charges) for an Oldsmobile Cutlass Supreme with a 48-month lease. The total amount due at lease inception is your first month's payment of \$226, a refundable security deposit of \$250, and a capitalized cost reduction of \$2,000, for a total of \$2,476. If you pay less for the capitalized cost reduction, your monthly payment will be higher. The total of the monthly payments is \$10,548. A mileage charge of \$0.06 per mile will be charged for all mileage over 60,000 miles. Lessee is responsible for excess wear and use. Payment shown and the total amount due at lease inception do not include license and title fees, use tax or insurance and may vary depending upon options. These figures are for illustration purposes only and are subject to change. Monthly payment may increase. Purchase example based on a 48-month financed contract with \$1,465 down and an APR of 12.5%, an average for vehicles financed by GMAC and not eligible for special rate programs for the month of May 1988. Customer owns vehicle at end of purchase contract.





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COVER: Getting down to the basics of boxing, beyond the power and slam

The usual case for prizefighting as art or science is harder to make in the face of Mike Tyson, the monster that men have worried was at the heart of their undefinable passion and indefensible sport. For twelve rounds or less, Tyson and Michael Spinks will fight over the heavyweight championship next week. It is time again to shiver. See **SPORT**.

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NATION: A widespread bribery probe shakes the Pentagon and its contractors

Operation Ill Wind targets some 100 military buyers, suppliers and greedy middlemen in one of the largest U.S. cases of white-collar crime. ► House Speaker Jim Wright turns the sleaze issue bipartisan. ► Howard Baker resigns as chief of staff in a White House that seems ready to turn out its lights. ► The worst drought since 1934 withers much of the West, Great Plains and South.

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WORLD: Moscow gets set for a Western-style political convention

A special party conference, complete with delegate fights and live media coverage, stirs genuine political passions and could advance Gorbachev's reforms. ► Writer Yevgeny Yevtushenko denounces the Russian tradition of servile patience. ► An I.R.A. bomb kills six British soldiers in Northern Ireland. ► Israel orders deportation of a Palestinian-American gadfly.

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As a white man in a black South African township, the Rev. Nico Smith faces death threats in his battle against apartheid.

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Rebel Archbishop Lefebvre vows to consecrate four ultra-traditionalist bishops. Result: the first Catholic schism in a century.

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When confronted with unpleasant social burdens, local communities are increasingly responding with the cry "Not in my backyard!"

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Federal certification for a new breed of plane with swept-back wings and pusher propellers may signal big changes for aircraft design.

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Who Framed Roger Rabbit combines live action and animation with a dexterity that Walt Disney could only dream about.

Cover:
Photograph by
Neil Leifer

A Letter from the Publisher

There were no news conferences, no gleaming press centers, no ever helpful government spokesmen when James O. Jackson began reporting from Moscow for United Press International in 1969. "We spent a great deal of time covering dissidents," recalls Jackson, TIME's Moscow bureau chief since 1985, "partly because no one else would talk to us." In that grim, pre-glasnost era, scraps of information could be hard to obtain.

Times change, even in the Soviet Union. Jackson wrote this week's lead story in the World section on the special Communist Party conference that begins June 28. At that meeting, liberal reforms undreamed of in Jackson's early Soviet years will be debated openly. Journalists from around the world have begun to descend on Moscow for the event, their work aided by the proliferation of news conferences, press centers and ever helpful spokesmen. Jackson, however, will not be there to enjoy them. Instead, he will be in West Germany taking up his new duties as TIME's Bonn bureau chief.

Looking back, Jackson observes that the sheer mass of information that now flows freely to reporters under Soviet Leader Mikhail Gorbachev's policies can, in a sense, make reporting from Moscow even harder. "There is an availability of sources



Goodbye to all that: Jackson at the Kremlin

unheard of in the past," Jackson says, "and a past that had not been heard of before. Now we do current events and history all at once."

Jackson began studying Russian in 1958 as a sophomore at Northwestern University after Sputnik went up. He put the language to good use a decade later as a wire-service reporter in Prague, where he interviewed "bewildered and uncommunicative Soviet soldiers" who helped crush the reformist Prague Spring. That encounter gave Jackson a glimpse of the plight of individuals in a police state, which became a major theme of his 1986 novel, *Dzerzhinsky Square*. As he left Moscow for Bonn, Jackson looked forward to reporting from "a country that works, a land of good wine and clean rest rooms and no wars." His successor, John Kohan, knows that world as well as the gritty reality of Soviet life. A Bonn bureau correspondent since 1985, Kohan reported from Moscow in 1980 and studied briefly at the University of Leningrad in the 1970s—experience that should give him a good perspective on how much times have actually changed in the Soviet Union.

Robert L. Miller

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THE IMPORTANCE OF PRESCRIPTION DRUGS

We now have treatments for illnesses that caused death and disability just a few decades ago.

Some 44 years ago, a 19-year-old Army recruit named Ben kissed his infant son and 18-year-old wife goodbye for the last time as he boarded the bus that took him to his boot camp assignment in Fort Hood, Texas. Shortly after his arrival, Ben died of meningitis. Three months later, Fort Hood received its first precious shipment of a brand new miracle drug, penicillin—a drug that might have saved Ben's life.

Prescription drugs came of age after World War II, and their impact on our lives has been enormous ever since. Vaccines have virtually wiped out polio, rubella, smallpox, and diphtheria. The widespread use of antibiotics has made it easier to manage early childhood illnesses like pneumonia and strep throat. During the first half of this century, these illnesses were killing millions of children.

Now, years later, thousands of life-saving and life-enabling drugs are prolonging and improving the quality of life for millions of Americans. Most of us have taken at least one of the 2,400 prescription drugs available in the U.S. today. Just take a look at the family medicine chest.

Why Control Prescription Drugs?

Before 1938, manufacturers were not required to prove a drug was safe before it was marketed. But following the tragic deaths of more than 100 Americans who had taken a drug that contained the solvent diethylene glycol, the government passed the Federal Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act which required all drugs to undergo testing for safety and effectiveness.

Today, the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) decides whether a prescription from a physician is required before a drug can be dispensed by a pharmacist. Prescription drug status is usually given to drugs that have a risk of toxicity and may have public health implications. New types of drugs are also given prescription-only status.

Important Medication Tips

- Get your prescription filled!
- Don't hesitate to ask your doctor or pharmacist questions about your medication.
- Don't take another person's medication, even though you seem to have a similar condition. Your friend's drug may be dangerous for you, or the dosage may be incorrect. You should take drugs only under the direction of your physician.
- Don't refer to medications as "candy" when administering to children. They may help themselves when you're not looking.
- Take your medication for the entire length of time and in the exact dosages prescribed by your doctor, even if you're feeling better. If you don't use all of the medication as prescribed, you may prevent the medicine from working properly.
- Read the instructions on the label before taking your medication.
- Keep a list of all the medications and the dosages you and your family are taking.
- Keep medications out of reach of children.
- Note the expiration date on your medications.
- Discard outdated or unneeded medicines periodically.
- Notify your doctor if your drug does not seem to be doing what it is supposed to do. You may need a different drug or a different dosage of the same drug.
- Report any side effects to your doctor immediately.



A NEW DRUG IS BORN

The U.S. has one of the most rigorous drug approval systems in the world.

Developing a drug is a time-consuming, complicated, and expensive process that takes an average of seven to eight years, and typically costs a pharmaceutical company up to \$100 million.

While many think it is the FDA that tests the safety and effectiveness of a newly-developed drug, it is actually done by the pharmaceutical company developing the drug, the National Institutes of Health, and other qualified research institutions. Then, the FDA reviews the test results according to extremely stringent guidelines to determine if the drug is safe and effective.

A new drug is tested first in animals. If the drug looks promising, all pertinent information is sent to the FDA in the form of an investigational new drug application, known as an IND. This report presents the results of all tests to date, and describes how the human testing will be conducted.

Once the IND application is approved by the FDA, a three-phase program of clinical trials begins testing the drug in humans.

Phase 1 trials normally involve 20 to 100 healthy volunteers who are tested to determine the safety and correct dosage of the drug. Absorption, metabolism, and excretion are studied in this phase: it generally takes six months to one year. In **Phase 2** trials, the drug is tested in patients who actually have the disease the drug is intended to treat.

This phase usually starts cautiously with a few volunteers, then involves up to several hundred subjects if the drug shows great promise. The testing can last from several months to two years. This phase reveals the effectiveness of the drug, the side effects, and risks.

Phase 3 trials involve testing hundreds to thousands of patients, and takes one to four years. Safety and effectiveness continue to be studied, and the best dosage is determined. Less common side effects and adverse reactions are discovered. These trials may continue after FDA approval, to help doctors and the phar-

maceutical company gain more knowledge and experience with the new drug.

Filing with the FDA

The drug sponsor (manufacturer) submits a new drug application (NDA) to the FDA. This application, which is actually an exhaustive report on all the testing to date, can contain up to 100,000 pages of study results and other data.

Until now, the drug has been identified by its *generic* name, usually based on its chemical formulation. Once the FDA approves the drug, the manufacturer gives it a *brand* name. Only about one out of five drugs submitted for clinical trials actually make it to your pharmacy.

Post-Market Monitoring

Once a drug is approved, the FDA and the drug manufacturer continue to monitor its safety. Post-market surveillance programs watch for rare or long-term side effects. Although premarket testing is extensive, it does have limitations. It may not always identify any long-term side effects evolving over a number of years, or the extremely rare reaction which may affect one person in 20,000. In addition, drugs are rarely tested in the elderly and never tested in pregnant women. Physicians are continually encouraged to report adverse reactions to the FDA or to pharmaceutical companies. These companies, in turn, are required to report any problematic reactions to the FDA.

Questions to Ask Your Doctor About Your Prescription

Only one out of 25 patients ask their doctors questions about their prescriptions. Yet, it is important for you to know the answers to questions like these, so you can get the most from your medication—in the safest way.

- What is the drug supposed to do?
- Why are you choosing this particular drug for me?
- How and when should I take it? With meals? On an empty stomach? How often? At what times?
- How long before I can expect improvement of my symptoms?
- When should I stop taking it?

- Are there any foods, drinks, or other medicines I should avoid? Should I avoid driving, sun exposure, or other activities?
- Are there any side effects? What should I do if they occur?
- Can I refill the prescription? How many times?
- If someone accidentally takes my drug, or if I accidentally take too much, what is the best course of action?
- What if I become pregnant while taking the drug?
- What should I do if the treatment doesn't work?

Heart Attack

New therapies are available which may stop a heart attack in progress.

Every year, 1.5 million Americans have a heart attack. Half a million die. Two thirds of those die before reaching a hospital. The incredible news is, many of them die unnecessarily—and for one simple reason.

Denial.

While they're in the midst of the attack, they deny it is a heart attack. "Not me," they say. "Can't be." "Must be indigestion." "I'm just a little winded ... or tired ... or nervous."

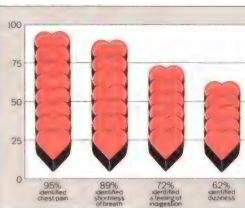
Most heart attack victims wait three or more hours before seeking medical help, according to the American Heart Association.

solve the clot, restoring blood flow—and saving the heart.

But time is critical, because the earlier the treatment is given, the greater the benefit to the endangered heart muscle.

According to a survey commissioned by Genentech in February, Americans are well aware of the symptoms of heart attack (see chart). But because of fear, they pretend it isn't really happening. They waste precious time denying symptoms, instead of seeking immediate medical attention.

If you or someone you're with experiences any of the symptoms of a heart attack, don't



Do you know these symptoms of a heart attack? Most Americans do.

Eighty-one percent of Americans polled by Genentech said they could recognize the symptoms of a heart attack. But in reality, heart attack victims don't act on what they know.

Had they or their friends or relatives sought help immediately, many of them would still be alive.

Because today, *new therapies may actually stop a heart attack in progress*. They can also sharply curtail heart muscle damage if initiated early enough.

The reason: Most heart attacks are caused by a blood clot forming in an abnormally narrowed section of a coronary artery, blocking the flow of blood to the heart. Deprived of oxygen, the heart muscle begins to die. The new therapies can dis-

solve the clot, restoring blood flow—and saving the heart.

Dial your local emergency number or 911.

Get an ambulance. Get to the hospital. Get medical help fast. Be one of the million Americans who lives through a heart attack.



American Heart Association

Genentech, Inc.

Some women think they need to take an occasional rest from the Pill. So they switch to a less effective form of birth control, and increase their chances of getting pregnant. Just how restful this can be is highly questionable. What is certain, however, is that there's no medical evidence that supports this notion of taking a break. None.

SHOULD YOU TAKE A BREAK FROM THE PILL?

There are other myths, misconceptions and questions about the Pill. What about the Pill and breast cancer? Although there are conflicting reports concerning this issue, the Centers for Disease Control reported that women who took the Pill—even for 15 years—ran no higher risk of breast cancer than the women who didn't. They also reported that ovarian and uterine cancer are substantially *less* common among women on the Pill. What's more, Pill users are less likely to develop pelvic inflammatory disease (tubal infections), benign breast disease, and iron deficiency anemia—not to mention menstrual cramps.

And the rumor that the Pill makes you less fertile is just that. Rumor. Studies indicate that if you were fertile before you took the Pill, taking it should not affect your ability to have children later. Some women

may experience a short period of readjustment after discontinuing the Pill. But even so, they usually become pregnant soon.

So does the Pill have any real risks? Yes. And you should know what those risks are. For example, if you are taking the Pill, you should not smoke. Especially if you're over 35. Cigarette smoking is known to increase the risk of serious and possibly life-threatening adverse effects on the heart and blood vessels from Pill use. What's more, women with certain conditions or medical histories should not use the Pill. Even if you're already on the Pill, you should see your doctor at least once a year. And be sure to read the patient information that's included in every Pill package.

When it comes to birth control, the best advice is to seek out the best advice. Go to reliable sources. Ask a lot of questions. Discuss all the options with your doctor.

Because only then will you know where the myth ends. And the truth begins.



FUTURE DRUG THERAPIES

Exciting new therapies and drug delivery systems hold promise for improved treatment of some of the major illnesses of our time.

Substances naturally produced by the body—biotherapeutic substances—are being synthesized by an important new technology, *recombinant DNA (rDNA)*.

Recombinant DNA technology allows substances normally produced in the body in minute amounts to be manufactured in large quantities. A gene that controls a specific desired activity or characteristic is removed from the cell, then spliced into the genetic material of the cell of another species, so that it acquires the activity directed by the original gene. The cells are then induced to multiply in quantity. For example, to produce human insulin, the human gene

responsible for its production is removed from the human cell and spliced into the chromosomes of bacteria, which are then reproduced, creating human insulin in large quantities. Another biotherapeutic agent, alpha interferon, is used to protect the body against viruses and to treat hairy-cell leukemia. It is also being tested as an AIDS treatment. A new drug, tissue plasminogen activator (TPA), which can unclog coronary arteries, was developed using rDNA technology. Interleukin-2, also created by genetic engineering, is being tested as a cancer treatment.

Another important technology, utilized mostly in diagnosing diseases,

involves the use of *monoclonal antibodies*. In this technique, a normal white blood cell (which produces antibodies that fight disease) is combined with a tumor cell. The resulting cell is then produced in large quantities of identical cells or clones. Monoclonal antibodies are currently being used to diagnose many diseases including gonorrhea, chlamydia, herpes virus, and cytomegalovirus. Monoclonal antibodies are also being used in home pregnancy tests.

Many other natural substances hold promise for the future:

■ **Peptides** are synthetic hormones that will be used to regulate a wide variety of conditions such as diabetes and psoriasis.

■ **Neurotransmitters** are the natural chemical substances that transmit nerve cell impulses. They are being tested for possible use in treating neurological diseases, including some forms of mental illness, Parkinson's disease, and Alzheimer's disease.

■ **Immunomodulators** are natural substances that maintain or improve the immune system. They are being developed for the treatment of AIDS and possibly cancer. Alpha interferon and interleukin-2 are examples of immunomodulators.

In the event of illness, prescription drugs are weapons against disease. By keeping in mind the principles discussed in this brief guide, you can gain the most from your medication and maintain your most precious gift in life—your good health.

New Ways to Take Your Medication

Within the next several years, we can expect to see some new and effective ways to take medications.

Transdermal—These are patches which contain medicine that is applied to the skin. They are already being used in the treatment of seasickness, angina, and to administer female hormones.

Ophthalmic—Medications contained in gel-like lenses will be placed in the eye to deliver their therapeutic benefits.

Implantable—Pumps placed be-

neath the skin will allow a drug to continue working for extended periods of time, even up to a few months.

Intravenous—Injectable drugs using "liposomes" (microscopic fatty globules) are able to adjust the rate at which a drug is released into the bloodstream, thus expanding the potential of time-release medications.

Intranasal—This refers to drugs administered via the nose, where they are absorbed more efficiently and where less is eliminated before entering the bloodstream.

Oral—New tablets will allow drugs to remain in the gastrointestinal tract for up to 18 hours, thus bringing new meaning to the term "long-acting."

Magnetic particulates—Experiments are being conducted that involve combining a drug with a magnetic material and then releasing it into the bloodstream. By directing magnetic fields to the specific areas where the drug is needed, the drug can be called to action at a particular site.



What About a Cure for AIDS?

AIDS is one of the most challenging diseases to confront medicine in modern times. "We should not think of a cure in the classic sense," says Anthony S. Fauci, M.D., Director of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases and Coordinator for AIDS Research at the National Institutes of Health. "Within a few years, we should have a single drug or a combination of drugs to keep the virus controlled enough so that the body can function normally." Dr. Fauci compares the future treatment of AIDS to the present treatment of diabetes and high blood pressure. We do not have a cure for either of these diseases, but we can keep them under control.

The first drug approved for the treatment of AIDS was zidovudine (Retrovir, commonly known as AZT). At the present time, over 100 other drugs are being tested for the treatment of AIDS. Researchers are concentrating on developing drugs that work by three mechanisms: drugs that stop the multiplication of the AIDS virus, drugs that boost the immune system, and drugs that treat AIDS-associated infections. But many of these potent drugs are toxic and have severe side effects. Two AIDS vaccines—one created by a genetically-altered AIDS virus not believed to be infective, and the other derived from the same virus used to create the smallpox vaccine—are also being tested.

The FDA has given all drugs for treating AIDS the highest (I-AA) review priority. Furthermore, a new regulation called Treatment IND allows an AIDS patient to be given an experimental drug that shows real promise, prior to FDA approval.

Glossary of Terms

Absorption—The movement of a drug from the site of administration (such as the intestinal tract) to the systemic circulation or bloodstream.

Adverse Reaction—A side effect. Usually indicates a serious side effect, but not necessarily.

Benefit/Risk Ratio—The formula physicians use to measure the potential benefits of a drug to a particular patient, weighed against its potential risks.

Bioavailability—The degree and rate that the active ingredient in a drug is absorbed by the body and is available for the intended therapeutic effect.

Bioequivalence—When different chemical compounds given to the same person in the same dosage result in equivalent concentrations in the blood and tissues.

Distribution—The process of a drug spreading throughout the body and concentrating in the tissues.

Elimination—The metabolic breakdown and excretion of a drug from the body.

Generic—The general name given to a drug, usually based upon its chemical formulation.

Metabolism—The chemical altering of drugs or natural substances to permit elimination.

Noncompliance—Not complying with a prescribed dosage regimen, including missing doses, taking more than the prescribed dose, and taking medication at the wrong times.

Pharmacokinetics—The actions of a drug within the body, including absorption, distribution, and elimination.

Route of Administration—The various ways drugs may be taken such as orally, sublingually, topically, rectally, and parenterally.

Side Effect—A secondary reaction, one that is not the original intention of the drug and is usually undesirable. An adverse reaction.

Ask Your Pharmacist

In a recent survey, 70% of the pharmacists interviewed said the activity they preferred most was counseling patients about prescriptions. Yet the facts from surveys done in the past two years indicate only 3% of patients seek information from their pharmacists regarding their medications.

Many pharmacists keep patient profiles on record, listing all the drugs their customers purchase. By referring to these profiles whenever you fill a new prescription, your pharmacist can keep an eye out for potentially dangerous drug interactions. Many pharmacists will be delighted to watch for this if you ask them. Often pharmacists go out of their way to familiarize themselves with customer records to help prevent any adverse reactions.

When you visit a pharmacist, keep in mind that they are very knowledgeable about medications. To become licensed, they must graduate from a college of pharmacy, complete an internship, and pass a written examination. In short, they are experts specializing in the medication aspect of therapy.

For More Information

If you would like to know more about prescription drugs, contact one of these agencies for a list of their publications.

Food and Drug Administration
Office of Consumer Affairs
5600 Fishers Lane
Rockville, MD 20857

Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association
Consumer Information
1100 15th Street N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20005

National Council on Patient Information and Education (NCPPIE)
666 11th Street, N.W.
Suite 810
Washington D.C. 20001
(enclose self-addressed stamped envelope)

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Design: Lee Ann Jaffee Design Assoc., Inc.

Letters

Soviet Heroines

To the Editors:

For many years I have felt sorry for myself because I must work outside the home to make ends meet and am not able to spend as much time with my children as I would like. Since reading your article about the plight of Soviet women [WORLD, June 6], however, I look at my single-family dwelling, my cars, my dishwasher and my neighborhood supermarket stocked with disposable diapers and realize that I live in paradise.

Connie Bailey
Katy, Texas



Although not much is known about her past, Raisa Gorbacheva appears to be a scholarly woman whose excessive questioning of people from the West may be an attempt to better understand nations and people unlike her own. I commend her effort in reaching out to people beyond the borders of the Soviet Union.

Jay Francel
Stevens Point, Wis.

You accentuated the positive when you put Raisa on the cover. Bravo!

Richard Hollander
Kansas City

Soviet women should make their husbands stand in those long food lines. Then the men would have much less time to sit around getting drunk.

Harriet Witt Miller
Arden, N.C.

The situation of Soviet women seems neither surprising nor outrageously unfair to most Japanese. In our country, few families can afford a modern house with a clothes dryer and a dishwasher. We don't have to line up for food, but the prices are terribly high. Most wives spend hours trying to find cheaper food or take low-paying part-time jobs to be able to buy more groceries. Can ordinary Westerners imagine paying \$2 for three small tomatoes or \$8 for a pound of the cheapest meat? Jap-

The person who did this can't draw a straight line.



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*Kirkus Reviews

Whether attending a bullfight with Hemingway or saving Gregory Peck from venomous snakes, Robert Parrish never loses his keen ear or his sense of humor. He "has once again written a much better book than many Hollywood memoirists whose names are more familiar."—*New York Times Book Review*

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Letters

anese husbands are usually too busy to help their wives. Because they cannot get houses or apartments near their offices, men leave home at 6 or 7 in the morning and return at 9 or 10 at night. For most Japanese, the dream of having a bigger house or an apartment with one room for each family member will never come true.

*Tokiko Iwamoto
Sakurai, Japan*

Traders' Turf Battle

Of course the stock traders and brokers of New York City are pointing the finger of blame for the Oct. 19 crash at the aggressive Chicago futures and options markets and are demanding stricter federal regulation [ECONOMY & BUSINESS, May 30]. While New Yorkers have formed a complacent, self-serving insiders' club, the Chicago Mercantile Exchange has been pioneering the farthest reaches of trading and has offered investors innovative, high-value financial products. New York would like to clip the wings of its brash competitor. Federal regulators should say no to this plea for white-collar protectionism; otherwise, the U.S. will lose its edge in financial services, as in other areas, to the Japanese.

*Steven J. Law
Washington*

One need not take sides in the complex controversy over the future of American financial markets, their regulatory environment and their international competitive capability to know that for TIME to resort to a cliché-ridden description of the two "warring" cultures—"tradition-bound, analytic, fraternal, relatively restrained" New York vs. "young, brash, speculative, unabashedly noisy" Chicago—is crass stereotyping and a throwback to attitudes that existed at least 50 years ago. It is a mild understatement to say that your characterization of the two markets is blatantly unjust.

*Leo Melamed, Chairman
Executive Committee
Chicago Mercantile Exchange
Chicago*

Surfing Without Waves

Skateboarding has definitely become a national turn-on [LIVING, June 6]. But please do not criticize these young people. My teenage skateboarder and his friends could easily be front runners for high school citizenship citations. They frequently appear on the honor roll, participate in school athletics and community activities, and are members of church groups. They don't break the law, and they do follow rules.

*Connie Stonebreaker
Elgin, Ill.*

Let me tell you how excited I was to read your article about skateboarding. I'm a twelve-year-old girl who took up the

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How many undeserved radar tickets were issued last year?

- a) 1,012,317 b) 649,119 c) 0 d) No one knows

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Letters

sport in January. The pressure from the public and my principals at school has been crazy! But now I have some evidence to show them that skaters aren't really such bad people. I hope they will understand and maybe loosen up.

Meg Webb
Edmond, Okla.

I wish law-enforcement officials would ease up on their restrictions on skateboarding. Give the kids a place to skate and keep them off the streets. Communities build football, baseball and softball fields for players. Why not build a complex for skateboarders?

Karen Goeschel
Lincoln, Neb.

Rambo III and Stallone

You are unfair to Sylvester Stallone [CINEMA, May 30]. The fact that he repeatedly produces box-office hits like *Rambo III* says a great deal for the man. He is a brilliant businessman, a true patriot. In addition, he is extremely charismatic and has the sensitivity to know exactly what the movie audience wants.

Nancy Bustani
Lake Park, Fla.

Richard Schickel's review of *Rambo III* makes it obvious that spending \$63 million on such a film during these times is excessive. As chairman of the Vietnam Veterans of America Special Committee on Post Traumatic Stress Disorder and Substance Abuse, I'm well aware that there are hundreds of thousands of Viet Nam veterans who suffer adjustment problems ranging from significant to severe. For Stallone and his colleagues to feed the lie that combat is the road to manhood and glory, while perpetuating simplistic us-and-them dualism in a world that buys \$1 trillion worth of armaments annually, is malicious and exploitative.

Steven J. Bentley
National Education Director
Veterans for Peace, Inc.
Portland, Me.

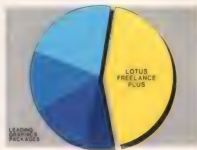
Whatever one may think of Stallone's acting abilities and creative judgment, attacking the man for his narrow range of facial expression is disgraceful. It is commonly known that Stallone suffered a trauma at birth that partly paralyzed his facial muscles. It was no small accomplishment for him to overcome this handicap and become one of the biggest box-office draws in history.

Michael Prescott
Santa Monica, Calif.

Sentenced to Birth Control

I commend Arizona Judge Lindsay Ellis Budzyn for sentencing a mother who mistreated her children to using birth control for the rest of her child-bearing years [NATION, June 6]. Contraception

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Letters

should be enforced when individuals have no love for children or notion of how to care for them. My husband and I take in maltreated and abandoned children. My blood boils when I see the conditions to which these poor kids have been subjected. The American Civil Liberties Union and the Roman Catholic Church are correct in asserting that the "state has no right to interfere" in a woman's freedom to become pregnant, but surely there must also be freedom from parental injustice and cruelty.

Carolyn J. Limjoco
Menomonee Falls, Wis.

Couldn't Mark Twain Spell?

According to the quotation you cite in your review of *Mark Twain's Letters: 1853-1866* (BOOKS, June 6), he said, "They would write me if I would answer there letters." Did he really write *there* letters instead of *their* letters?

Joseph Zilonis
Sharon, Mass.

Indeed he did.

Knockout Fine

Princeton's President Harold Shapiro says 30 days in jail and \$500 are "disproportionate and excessive" sentences. These were the fines imposed on two of the school's Charter Club officers charged with serving alcohol to a minor (EDUCATION, June 6). This student suffered a 24-hour alcohol-induced coma as the result of an initiation bacchanal. Had the club chosen a different "rite"—one using, say, a blunt instrument, which would have achieved a similar result—would Shapiro feel the same?

Lawrence B. Peck
Houston

Your article noting drinking problems in colleges said Wyoming is the only state that has not raised the legal drinking age to 21. However, in March, Wyoming passed a law making 21 the minimum age for drinking, and it goes into effect July 1.

Stephanie A. Zimmer
Laramie, Wyo.

Getting High

While reading Michael Kinsley's essay about the decriminalization of marijuana (ESSAY, June 6), I was reminded of Lenny Bruce's statement that marijuana will be legal eventually, because the many law students who smoke pot will someday become Congressmen and legalize it in order to protect themselves.

Tim Madigan
Kenmore, N.Y.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

Critics' Choice

CINEMA

BULL DURHAM. A "natural" ballplayer (Tim Robbins) is a natural disaster to his coaches in the arts of baseball (Kevin Costner) and love (Susan Sarandon). But all are fun to watch: plenty of smart talk, laughs and warm sex.

RED HEAT. To a suspicious Chicago cop (Jim Belushi), Soviet Detective Arnold Schwarzenegger is *glasnost* with great pecs. But to international drug geeks. In this efficient thriller, he's still *The Terminator*.

BIG. A twelve-year-old makes a wish to be big—and wakes up the next day as Tom Hanks in a delightful comedy-fantasy about youth and age, and the differences between them.

BOOKS

OSCAR AND LUCINDA by Peter Carey (Harper & Row).

\$18.95). An Australian novelist turns in a shimmering fantasy of gambling and glassmaking, held together by the struts of 19th century history and the mullions of painstaking detail.

CAPOTE: A BIOGRAPHY by Gerald Clarke (Simon & Schuster: \$22.95). An engrossing, sympathetic account of the Tiny Terror of U.S. letters and of a life spent swimming in a sea of scandal.

MUSIC

BOB DYLAN: DOWN IN THE GROOVE (Columbia). Not a major statement from our most generative songwriter, but a raspy, relaxed session with four originals and some surprising remakes (*Silvio*, *Death Is Not the End*, *Rank Strangers to Me*).

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA: JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR (MCA). The cat's meow. Paul Gemignani and the

Royal Philharmonic Pops step lively through starlit arrangements of Andrew Lloyd Webber's megamusicals.

STRAVINSKY: PETRUSHKA; SYMPHONY IN THREE MOVEMENTS (EMI). Britain's Simon Rattle and his City of Birmingham Orchestra shake and roll in Stravinsky's great ballet score, then offer a poised, precise symphony.

TELEVISION

TRY TO REMEMBER (CBS). June 23, 8 p.m. EDT). Charles Kuralt pulls off the road temporarily to reminisce about one week in history—Aug. 10-17, 1969—in the pilot for a prospective series.

HOTHOUSE (ABC, debuting June 30, 9 p.m. EDT). *St. Elsewhere* is gone, but the malady lingers on. A psychiatric clinic in the Boston suburbs is the setting for this dramatic

series getting a seven-week trial run.

P.O.V. (PBS, debuting July 5, 9 p.m. on most stations). A ten-week series of documentaries, each reflecting its maker's individual point of view, premieres with a pair of short works: *Acting Our Age*, a profile of six elderly women, and *American Tongues*, a look at regional dialects.

THEATER

AH, WILDERNESS! Jason Robards and Colleen Dewhurst perform to Broadway perfection in Eugene O'Neill's only comedy and, in repertory, his tragic *Long Day's Journey into Night*, though they break scant interpretive ground.

SPOILS OF WAR. Kate Nelligan shows the dark side of an Auntie Mame-style mom in Michael Weller's off-Broadway memory play, through June 26.

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The Pentagon Up for Sale

A nationwide investigation uncovers "rampant bribery" in military contracts

By spending \$160 billion a year on its huge purchases of sophisticated weapons and mundane supplies, the U.S. Defense Department has become the "largest and the most important business enterprise in the world," declared a presidential commission that undertook to reform the Pentagon's procurement procedures two years ago. It is also a system, said the commission, that is "fundamentally ill" in the way it awards 15 million contracts annually. Just how wrong things have gone at the Pentagon became apparent last week. Operation Ill Wind, an extensive two-year investigation of fraud and bribery in the handling of major purchases, blew into the open, rattling Washington and the nation's military-industrial complex.

After being briefed on the probe, Republican Senator Charles Grassley predicted that it will reveal a "fraudulent use of taxpayers' money beyond the wildest imagination." Speaking into a committee microphone he thought was turned off, Republican Senator John Warner, a former Secretary of the Navy, confided that "rampant bribery in Government" had been uncovered. Congressman Les Aspin, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, said he was "utterly astounded."

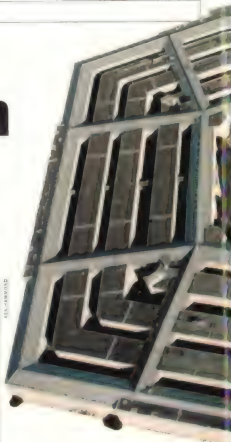
The cries of alarm seemed justified. Sources close to the investigation, conducted jointly by the FBI and the Naval Investigative Service, predicted that at least 100 people will be indicted within the next 90 days. Among the suspects are past and present Pentagon officials, as well as industry employees and consultants who allegedly paid bribes for inside information that gave companies an unfair advantage in bidding for contracts. Two Democratic Congressmen or their staffs are also under scrutiny. Eventually, Operation Ill Wind may rank as one of the biggest federal white-collar crime cases ever prosecuted.

Although the Reagan Administration's \$2.2 trillion defense buildup has been plagued by cost overruns, phony bills

from contractors and gold-plated weapons systems that often do not work, this scandal is different. Rarely, if ever, have such high-ranking Pentagon officials been suspected of graft on so large a scale. And while Defense Secretary Frank Carlucci maintained that the corruption concerned "individuals, not the institution," prosecutors disagreed. "It's going to show that the whole procurement process is a joke," contended a high-ranking investigator. While not claiming that all transactions are fraudulent, he insisted that "there hasn't been a significant contract let in the past six or eight years that hasn't been made on the basis of inside information."

For Carlucci, who has been lobbying with a reluctant Congress to sustain the defense buildup, the scandal will make his task more difficult. Nor will it help Vice President George Bush, whose campaign for the Oval Office has already been saddled with the Iran-*contra* affair, implications of widespread impropriety among Reagan appointees and the investigation of Attorney General Edwin Meese. The Vice President could be further embarrassed by his close association with former Navy Secretary John Lehman. One of the principal targets of the investigation is former Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Research, Engineering and Systems Melvyn Paisley. He and an associate, retired Admiral James ("Ace") Lyons, who had commanded the Pacific Fleet, were close personal and professional friends of Lehman's at the Pentagon.

The wide-ranging inquiry began in 1986 with a tip from an unidentified civilian employee of the Navy, and has concentrated heavily on that branch. But the Naval Investigative Service evidently did not warn Lehman (who resigned last year) that the probe was under way. Even Former Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger was kept in the dark and, until last week, so was Carlucci. No one at the White House was informed until shortly before the matter became public.



MCDONNELL DOUGLAS

Some of the nation's largest defense firms were among the 15 companies whose offices were searched last week by the FBI in its investigation of fraud and bribery. Not all of them were suspected of wrongdoing. But a search warrant indicated that McDonnell Douglas, based in St. Louis, had dealt with a consultant who allegedly provided classified information that might give it an unfair advantage in selling its F-18 fighter planes.

At the FBI, former Director William Webster and his successor, William Sessions, approved the investigation under the guidance of William Weld, then chief of the Justice Department's criminal division, and Deputy Attorney General Arnold Burns. Both officials resigned from their posts in late March, after maintaining that Attorney General Meese may have violated conflict-of-interest laws. Word of the inquiry was kept away from Meese until just before Burns left. The reason: their boss was mentioned in one taped conversation between suspects in



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Former Assistant Navy Secretary Paisley

the probe. Only after investigators were satisfied that Meese was not implicated did Burns brief the Attorney General.

After getting details of the budding Pentagon scandal from Carlucci last week, President Reagan summoned to the White House his top law-enforcement officials, including the Attorney General, the FBI director and U.S. Attorney Henry Hudson, who is coordinating the grand jury work in Alexandria, Va. Reagan asked for a "thorough investigation" of the allegations and said he was "very concerned" about them.

While details of the probe were closely guarded, its scope is undoubtedly broad. Acting with court-approved search warrants, FBI agents last week moved methodically to seize documents and computer records at 45 sites in at least twelve states. The sweep included the offices of at least five Pentagon procurement officials, 15 defense contractors and six consultants, mostly former Pentagon insiders who now work as middlemen between their former associates and firms seeking military contracts. Magistrates issued more than 200 subpoenas demanding spe-

cific records or personal appearances before federal grand juries.

Entering where even the KGB presumably fears to tread, agents reportedly managed to plant an eavesdropping bug in one high-level Pentagon office. They tapped and tape-recorded the telephones of two senior military-procurement officials: James Gaines, director for acquisition and congressional support for the Navy; and Victor Cohen, deputy for tactical warfare systems for the Air Force. They also tapped the home and office phones of an undisclosed number of people outside the Pentagon. NBC News reported that the investigators collected some 4,800 conversations over 290 days and that 671 of the talks contained incriminating statements.

The probes have apparently found that many of the consultants bought inside information from former cronies who still hold Pentagon procurement jobs. Then they sold their secrets to defense contractors at higher prices. Relative to the value of the contracts, the cost to the firms was minuscule. "A few bucks for a bribe can mean millions to companies," explained South Carolina Congressman John Spratt, who sits on the House Armed Services Committee.

The army of Washington-based consultants perform an indispensable chore when they are honest. Sometimes dubbed "rent-a-general" agencies, the firms hire former Pentagon brass and braid, then charge as much as \$1,000 a day for their advice. Many of the consultants worked in procurement and retain close contacts with their former colleagues. They know both the procedural intricacies of how contracts are processed and the technical needs of the services. "You almost have to be an insider to understand it," says Spratt. Without these middlemen, the military's complex procurement system might not work at all.

When the Ill Wind cases come to court, some of the defense contractors may contend they had no idea that the middleman may have acquired his helpful knowledge illegally. This is something, in all probability, that the contractor does not want to know. "There is an enormous flow of information between the Pentagon and the contractors," explains Aspin. "The dividing line is when bribes are given or taken. This is just plain illegal."

Most of the FBI affidavits explaining the search warrants remained under seal, pending indictments. But one revealing warrant in St. Louis provided a glimpse of the type of cases the investigators are developing. The target was Paisley, a veteran Boeing Co. official hired by Lehman in 1981 as his top procurement aide. Paisley was a tough administrator who laudably joined his boss in trying to shake up the Navy's cozy relationship with contractors. He quit in April 1987, just before a new law went into effect barring defense procurement officials from having business relationships with the department

Nation

for two years after their departure. Paisley set up his consulting office in Washington's Watergate complex.

The FBI warrant contends that Paisley passed "classified and/or confidential" information to Thomas Gunn, vice president for marketing at McDonnell Aircraft Corp. in St. Louis. That information helped McDonnell Douglas formulate its plans to sell updated F-18 fighter aircraft to Switzerland and Korea. Paisley allegedly also passed along details of a competing proposal by General Dynamics to sell its F-16 fighters to the same potential buyers. He was said to have acquired a secret

study on the helicopter needs of the Marine Corps and its advanced chopper, dubbed Killer Egg, to give McDonnell Douglas an edge in future sales. Six FBI agents spent four hours on Tuesday examining records in Gunn's office and that of his secretary. They also sought the records of Lyons, who now works for the aircraft producer.

In its St. Louis warrant, the FBI indicated that its inquiry was aimed at finding evidence of bribery of public officials, conflict of interest, theft of government property, mail fraud, wire fraud, false statements and conspiracy to defraud the

U.S. Whether any of those crimes can be proved against anyone remains to be seen. As rumors of impending indictments swept the beleaguered Pentagon, Carlucci took a calm view. He advised, "Let's not jump off the cliff before we find out what we're talking about here." That may take a while, but the timing could be awkward. If the Justice Department sticks to its announced deadline, the indictments could come shortly before the November election. For the Administration, that would be an ill wind indeed. —By Ed Magnuson.

Reported by Elaine Shannon and Bruce van Voorst/Washington

Meese vs. Wright: There Is a Difference

In a city awash in scandal, Republicans take comfort in the fact that the sleaze issue has gone bipartisan now that the dealings of House Speaker Jim Wright are under investigation by the House Ethics Committee. By the end of the month, Attorney General Edwin Meese is likely to be skewered in a report from Independent Counsel James McKay declaring that the nation's top law-enforcement officer may have violated Government regulations regarding favoritism and the appearance of impropriety. The G.O.P. response will be to rebut Meese with Wright. Vice President George Bush gave a preview last month: "You talk about Meese. How about talking about what Common Cause [a public-interest lobby] raised about the Speaker?"

This line, however, assumes not only that both men are equally guilty or innocent but also that the charges against them are equally grave. And they are not. The accusations against Wright, though serious, are not quite so weighty as those against Meese, and Wright has by far the better defense.

To be sure, there are similarities. Both men have been accused of using their office to benefit friends and acquaintances: Meese's former personal lawyer E. Robert Wallach and, in Wright's case, oilmen and investors in the Speaker's home state of Texas. And though the personalities of the genial California-bred Attorney General and the peppery Texas Speaker differ, they are alike in one way. Says Ted Van Dyk, a Washington lobbyist who knows the two: "Both apparently wear blinders" that prevent them from seeing appearances of impropriety in their actions.

But the similarities end there. Unlike Meese, Wright has convincingly refuted one of the allegations against him. He supposedly stood to gain personally from lobbying the Interior Department in 1979 to try to win leases for Texas Oil & Gas Corp. Though Wright was said to own stock in the company, he did not: he had an interest in a gas well drilled by Texas Oil, but the operations of that well were not affected by the lease controversy. Georgia Republican Congressman Newt Gingrich, Wright's chief accuser, has conceded that this charge was based on inaccurate press clippings.

Wright admits that he put pressure on the Federal Home Loan Bank Board in 1986 to soften regulatory proceedings against a Dallas real estate syndicator and some Texas savings and loan associations. He says, however, he was merely "acting as an ombudsman" for the constituents he represents, which is not just a right but a duty for a Congressman. Wright seems to have been rather incurious about the constituents he went to bat for—one has since been charged with helping to defraud the S and L he headed of \$40 million. Nonetheless, Wright has a defense unavailable to Meese. As a top White House aide and later as Attorney General, Meese had no constituents; he "represents" the entire nation. By no stretch of the imagination could his attempts to help Wallach push the building of an Iraqi oil pipeline and win Government contracts for the scandal-scarred Wedtech company be considered part of his duty.

PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD



In some other respects, however, Wright is no more easily defended than Meese. One allegation is that Wright, who was then House majority leader, threatened in 1986 to block legislation injecting desperately needed cash into the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation, the agency that insures depositors in thrift institutions, until one regulatory case was decided to his satisfaction. If true—and Wright denies it—such an attempt to hold up urgent legislation would constitute a blatant abuse of his office.

Moreover, Wright received an unheard-of royalty of 55% (normal would be 10% to 15%) on sales of an alleged book, a thin and uninteresting collection of random thoughts published by a Fort Worth printer and longtime Wright pal. Some of the buyers have candidly admitted that they bought the book in bulk as a way to make donations to Wright that would have been legally forbidden in any other form.

Wright's only defense has been that he did not break any House rule, and that might be true. House limits on members' outside income specifically exclude book royalties, and a rule against accepting speaking or writing fees "in excess of the usual and customary value for such services" may not apply to book writing. But at best this is a technical defense for what seems an obvious and unwarranted attempt to evade House rules regulating members' outside income. In any case, simply avoiding the commission of an indictable offense is no qualification for either Speaker of the House or Attorney General: Wright and Meese are alike in failing to live up to the standards their important offices should entail. —By George J. Church



The outgoing chief of staff insists he will not pursue the vice presidency: "There isn't even the remotest possibility such a thing will come about"

So Who's Minding the Lights?

Baker's resignation signals that it is near closing time at the White House

When Howard Baker signed on as Ronald Reagan's third chief of staff in February 1987, he vowed he would be around to turn out the White House lights at the end of the President's second term. Last week, however, the former Senate majority leader from Tennessee decided to call it quits. The lights are still burning at the White House. But with Baker scheduled to depart on July 1 and evening shadows fast gathering around the Reagan presidency, some in Washington are wondering who will be there to flick the switches next January.

Baker's resignation has enhanced the *fin de régime* feeling that has hung over the White House since the Moscow summit. With no major battles left to be fought, no treaties to be ratified, no important goals that could realistically be achieved, the Administration seems to be biding its time. James Reichley, a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution, feels the Administration is in a "tidying-up phase." Says Reichley, "The White House is in an even more defensive mode than at this time last year. They're being careful to prevent things from happening that they don't want to happen."

Such talk irritates Baker's successor, Kenneth Duberstein, 44. "Everybody always underestimates Ronald Reagan," says Duberstein, who as Baker's No. 2 man has handled the day-to-day details of managing the White House. "We'll continue to see a vigorous President in the remaining months. We'll be going full throttle from here on out. You'll see."

Baker insists that ennui was not responsible for his resignation, which he attributed to personal reasons. Joy, his wife of 37 years, is a recovering alcoholic who has undergone surgery for lung cancer, gastrointestinal problems and other ailments. Since his wife's recent hospitalization for chronic back pain, Baker has been spending more time shuttling from Washington to her bedside in Knoxville.

But in Washington people always suspect ulterior motives. The town briefly buzzed with rumors that Baker was ma-

neuvering to get the vice-presidential nomination. Aides to George Bush scoffed at the scuttlebutt. So did Baker. "There isn't even the remotest possibility that such a thing will come about," Baker told TIME. "It's something I don't expect and don't want. I'm doing nothing to promote that."

In many ways, Baker's tenure at the White House was a strange interlude. He succeeded the tyrannical Donald Regan at the height of the Iran-*contra* scandal. With his easygoing manner and lack of administrative experience, Baker at first seemed an odd choice for the job. But his steady, conciliatory style proved to be perfectly suited to restoring stability in a besieged Administration.

Reagan benefited considerably from Baker's stature on Capitol Hill. During the Iran-*contra* hearings, Baker helped keep relations between the White House and the Congress from getting too testy. After the crisis passed, Baker turned the President's attention to superpower relations, and was instrumental in ensuring Senate ratification of the INF treaty.

Nonetheless, he had more than his share of frustrations in the job. Associates speculated that he was troubled by Attorney General Edwin Meese's determination to stay in office and by the Administration's inept negotiations with Panamanian Strongman Antonio Noriega. A man who dislikes confrontation, Baker was often reluctant to argue a position with the President. But he maintains that he was not upset by a failure to sway Rea-



Duberstein's promotion could perk up the staff

"We'll be going full throttle."

Nation

The Presidency

Hugh Sidey

A Tennessee Reproach to Rascals

"Hey, Senator," somebody once shouted at Howard Baker, "who do you get to rumple your suits?" The slightly wilted Baker grinned and replied that he handled wrinkles himself. He knew a message of affection when he heard it.

Tommy Griscom, 38, Baker's loyal aide, came in for his share. "Tommy, did somebody press the down button on your elevator shoes?" He was another Tennessee boy who could roll with it, even at 5 ft. 6 in., and with quick wit he traveled through the Washington jungle unscathed. "You know," whispered a former White House staffer last week, "we sometimes joked that Tommy was the most powerful man in the country. He had a President who was disengaged, Baker was not an administrator. Tommy paid attention to the details."

Now Baker and Griscom are both going off from the White House. It seems unfortunate to lose such good men when scandal is rampant in the Federal Government. There is, however, another point to be made. Baker and Griscom came

to help Ronald Reagan in his worst time, and they steadied the Administration and nudged it off again in the right direction. There are too many rascals to count right now in Washington, but we too often lose sight of the fact that the city has many more good folk who step up and serve honestly and honorably. Most of these are unheralded.

Take Reagan's Moscow summit, which in all likelihood would have been a flop had it not been for a determined group of writers thumping away in the Old Executive Office Building. They provided the President with speeches that soared around the world, eloquent statements about freedom and democracy and glory of the individual. By the measure of the day, Chief Writer Tony Dolan, 39, along with Josh Gilder, 34, Peter Robinson, 31,



Griscom: serving honestly and honorably

Clark Judge, 40, and Mark Klugmann, 28, should have been out riding the bull market or selling their kiss-and-tell memoirs. Instead they were busy burnishing the original Reagan and lifting him up for a dignified finish to his presidency.

Those young men went back to a dusty stack of Reagan's old speeches, all written by the actor-Governor himself decades ago. They revived the themes that have been the hallmark of his career: of looking at people as individuals rather than as masses, of insisting that political power must come from the people up, not the government down. They battled for the right to let Reagan be Reagan behind a great Moscow pulpit. It was mind over protocol.

When the bureaucrats from State and the National Security Council moved in to dampen the rhetoric, Griscom was there. The call to the Soviets to "tear down the Berlin Wall and all barriers between Eastern and Western Europe" stayed in the text. Griscom dispelled the worry that Reagan would offend his hosts by championing the dissidents gathered around him in Moscow. He never noted the alarm that Reagan might walk through Red Square arguing with Mikhail Gorbachev about whether the world was tilting East or West. Rolling debate with a few sharp elbows was as good a test of *glasnost* as anything.

The Reagan Moscow testament will ring out for years, thanks to those good men. Yes, Griscom is taking his leave, and so is Gilder, who is off to do speeches for George Bush. But that is the way in this Government. Sometimes it does hurt, but often it brings its own special strength. Renewal.

Robert Tuttle, head of White House personnel, says that every day 20 or 30 new resumés land on his doorstep, most of them from exceptionally qualified young people who still want to serve. Only a smattering of these hopefuls will get the taste of power they covet. But with few, if any, exceptions, they will honor their nation.

gan. "The President makes his own decisions," says Baker. "I've never been disappointed if he goes some other course. All that has nothing to do with my decision to leave the Administration."

Some critics charge that Baker's temperament and work habits have been too much like the President's. "Baker could have spent a little more time doing his homework," grumbles a White House staffer. "He tends to be on the lazy side. He'd just as soon delegate rather than take on any of the heavy work himself."

No one will be able to accuse Baker's designated successor of a casual management style. A burly, backslapping Brooklyn native, Duberstein made a name for himself as the Administration's aggressive congressional liaison from 1981 to 1983. Before joining the White House staff last year, he worked for four years as a lobbyist at Timmons & Co., a Washington consulting firm. He usually arrives for work at 7:15 in the morning and tries to return to his suburban Maryland home by 8 in the evening to tuck in his two young children. When he isn't chain-smoking Marlboros, he is nibbling on pretzels from a huge jar on his desk. More than any other White House staffer since Michael Deaver, Duberstein has taken pains to develop a good relationship with Nancy Reagan. He and the First Lady talk at least twice a day. Duberstein's energy and loyalty led Baker to compare him to a bird dog. Hence Baker's nickname for him: "Duberdog."

Duberstein's backers say his promotion will be a wake-up call for a drowsy White House. "They're entering the final stretch now, and they need a little adrenaline," says Norman Ornstein of the American Enterprise Institute. "He can energize the President in a way Baker couldn't." Others say that Duberstein's hard-driving style can be alienating. "Kennedy's got a strong will and a strong set of convictions," says Tom Griscom, Reagan's communications director, who is leaving the White House with Baker. "He can be tough, determined. He knows when to put his foot down to make something happen."

The biggest challenge facing Duberstein may be finding something exciting to do. Reagan's agenda for his final months in office is hardly the stuff to send an over-achiever's blood racing: preparing for the economic summit in Toronto this week, leading a virtually hopeless drive to win more funds for the Nicaraguan *contras*, working to revise the trade bill, pushing for stringent work requirements in the new welfare-reform legislation, campaigning for Bush. While Duberstein tries to generate enthusiasm in his staff, some observers expect a rash of White House resignations this summer. "I wouldn't want to be here till the bitter end," says a departing aide. "I wouldn't want to be around when Ronald Reagan packs his bags. It won't just be the end of an Administration. It will be the end of a political career." —By Jacob V. Lamer.

Reported by Nancy Traver/Washington



Parched fields like this one near Fresno, Calif., lie fallow as the country suffers through one of the driest springs on record.

Waiting, and Praying, for Rain

From Ohio to California, a stubborn drought scorches the earth

Los Angeles restaurants are placing a picture of a glass of water on diners' tables instead of the real thing. Ohio's Governor Richard Celeste, surveying his once lush farm fields, sadly compares them to "sand dunes." In the South, where all outdoor watering has been banned, residents are using "gray water"—what is left after bathing and showering—to sprinkle plants and flowers. Along the normally wet Columbia River basin in Washington and Oregon, there is not enough water to irrigate all the fruit orchards.

It is not the Dust Bowl yet, but the country's midsection and parts of the South and the Great Plains are suffering through the worst drought since 1934, when farmers in protective masks watched as whole fields of crops simply blew away. Without substantial rainfall soon, Secretary of Agriculture Richard Lyng said, the country's farms could become a national disaster.

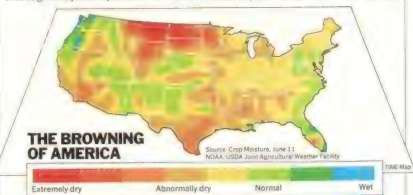
The weather report is not encouraging. Says National Weather Service Meteorologist Lyle Alexander: "We're not looking forward to a great deal of shower activity." The spring wheat crop in the northern Great Plains could be salvaged if rains come in the next week or two, but a large high-pressure ridge makes that unlikely. Crops are surviving now on moisture stored in the soil. "There's about two minutes left in the game," says County Agent Carl Wilbourn of Leflore County, Miss. "But there's still a chance."

Already commodity prices have soared. Corn and soybeans are at a two-year high. Livestock, with nowhere to graze and no water to drink, are being sent to slaughter early. The sudden glut of meat on the market has caused hog prices to fall 10% in the past three weeks and feeder-cattle prices to plunge 9% in five weeks; even so, consumers will soon face higher food costs.

The drought is also depleting rivers, lakes and canals, ruining recreation areas and threatening inland transportation. On the Great Lakes, ships are carrying 5% lighter loads. River gridlock has hit the mighty Mississippi. As spring water levels reached their lowest point on record, 1,200 barges were stranded after they ran aground at Greenville, Miss. According to Michael Logue, spokesman for the Army Corps of Engineers, twice as many barges could become mired this week, creating the aquatic equivalent of a "traf-

fic jam of semitrucks bumper to bumper from New Orleans to Philadelphia."

Fire is an ever present danger. Lightning in the eastern Sierra Nevada has sparked more than 80 fires. In Wisconsin, where 87 fires charred 250 acres last week, the state has ordered a ban on all types of outdoor fires, including barbecues and cigarette smoking, in rural areas.



Cattle raisers have appealed to Secretary Lyng to allow haying and grazing on "set aside" land—acreage that farmers took out of production this year to be eligible for Government price supports. The

Secretary has responded by opening such reserved lands in more than 1,000 counties in 24 states. If the drought continues, the Federal Government may dip into its store of surplus feed grains—1.3 billion bushels of corn and 563 million bushels of sorghum, oats and barley—for sale to distressed farmers at reduced prices. Lyng told the Senate Agriculture Committee last week to wait and see what the full impact of the drought is before taking any further action. In the meantime, he recommended appealing to a higher authority. "The best thing for us to do," he said, "is pray for rain."

Many drought victims were doing just that. South of Toledo, 200 farmers prayed while a priest shook holy water on the

crops and blessed the fields. In southeastern Iowa, 150 farmers gathered in a public prayer session; two days later they got 1.1 in. of rain. In Clyde, Ohio, the locals have paid \$2,000 to Leonard Crow Dog, a Sioux Indian from the Rosebud reservation in South Dakota, to perform a rain dance over the weekend along with eight of his tribesmen. Whether or not their gyrations produce a shower, it will take a heap more praying, dancing—and raining—before the drought-stricken farmers can breathe easy again.

—By Margaret Carlson, Reported by Gisela Bolte/Washington, with other bureaus

The One That Got Away

Why an escaped murderer haunts Michael Dukakis



Willie Horton was supposed to be serving time for murder in Massachusetts in April 1986 when he invaded a home in Oxon Hill, Md., raped a woman and stabbed her companion. Horton had not broken out of prison. He had walked away from it ten months earlier while on a weekend furlough, an experiment that has been a cornerstone of Governor Michael Dukakis' criminal-justice program.

Now the Horton case is being used to paint Dukakis with that most damaging liberal stereotype: soft on crime. George Bush has taken to citing his differences with the Governor by saying, "I don't like the idea of letting murderers out of jail." One G.O.P. strategist has proposed a bumper sticker reading, DUKAKIS TO RAPIST HAVE A NICE WEEKEND.

Responding to public outrage over the Horton incident, Dukakis signed a new law last April banning furloughs for first-degree murderers. Explaining his turnaround, Dukakis said simply, "I try to listen, I try to learn." But the Governor still becomes testy when confronted with the question. During a debate in San Francisco, conservative Journalist John McLaughlin charged that Massachusetts' program allowed convicts to commit more violent crimes. "That's not true,"

Dukakis exclaimed. "That happened on one occasion."

Although Dukakis was considered too liberal on crime during his first term, he has worked hard to reverse that image. In the past four years, the violent-crime rate in Massachusetts has dropped 13.4% while the national rate has risen 1.8%. Today the state has the lowest homicide rate of any major industrial state in the country. In 1983 Dukakis formed a special anticrime task council, and he has chaired every one of the group's 58 meetings. "His record against crime now can't be disputed," says Ned Merrick, legisla-

tive representative of the state's police association. "It's too good."

Yet the furlough furor threatens to overshadow these impressive achievements. Massachusetts is among 45 states that allow prison leaves. Last fall state legislators published a report lambasting the supervision of the program by the Dukakis administration. Authorities had not properly screened Horton before his leaves, investigators found, and they did not keep thorough records of his behavior in the prison.

Defenders of furlough programs point out that weekend leaves offer relief at a time when prisons around the country are dangerously overcrowded. Behavior during furloughs

can help determine how an inmate up for parole might function in society. According to John Larivee, executive director of Boston's Crime and Justice Foundation, the recidivism rate since 1972 has been just 10% for prisoners paroled after taking part in such a program. Among other prisoners, it was 25%.

Moreover, there were only 426 escapees among the 117,786 furloughs during the same period, and Horton's escape was the first among first-degree murderers from the program in nearly five years. "The failure was not the program," says Massachusetts Corrections Commissioner Michael Fair. "Willie Horton was the failure. Our evidence is the program was successful." —By Jacob V. Lumar,

Reported by Robert Ajemian/Boston and Michael Riley with Dukakis



Willie Horton



The furlough furor could overshadow Dukakis' good record on crime

Grapevine

Fast break. The latest debate among Democrats is not over who but over when. Will Michael Dukakis announce his Veep choice before the convention? Reasons for: to dampen any "Draft Jesse" drama and prevent convention coverage from being distracted by guesses and whispers. A reason against: early selection would drain excitement from what already threatens to be a tedious show. The betting: Dukakis will again dare to be boring and announce his choice early.

No draft pick. Bill Bradley made it clear to Dukakis' Veep scout Paul Brontas last month that he did not want to be on the ticket. That did little to dampen speculation, given Dukakis' admiration for the former basketball star. Last week Bradley had another session with Brontas. But Bradley did not budge; he does not want to be on a national ticket, and nothing will change his mind.

Making up. Bob Dole has been speaking so forcefully in favor of Bush that relations be-

tween the old rivals are warming up. Bush has signed a fundraising letter to help retire Dole's debt. So talk has turned to a possible Bush-Dole ticket. A *Wall Street Journal*/NBC News poll last week showed that 56% of voters would be more likely to support a ticket with Dole on it. Bush admits, however, are still smarting from a Dole comment, made supposedly off the record, that Reagan seemed to be more effusive in his endorsement of Mikhail Gorbachev than of Bush because "Gorbachev has a future."

Fouling out? Nothing could be worse for Democrats hoping to use the sleaze issue than to have Book Peddler Jim Wright remain as chairman of their National Convention. Several Democrats are quietly moving to have him replaced by Party Chairman Paul Kirk. Republicans have their own delicate problem. An aide to Ed Meese says the Attorney General has "penciled in" attending the G.O.P. convention. Sniffed Bush Campaign Manager Lee Atwater: "That's his business."



Bradley won't take the pass



An Andean harvest that could be destroyed, perhaps along with a delicate ecosystem

To Spike or Not to Spike?

Targeting Peru's coca crop

Tebuthiuron, better known by the trade name Spike, is a herbicide used to get rid of mesquite from rangeland and brush from along utility power lines in the arid American Southwest. Made only by Eli Lilly, the giant Indianapolis chemical company, Spike attacks woody plants for up to three years. After searching for several years, the U.S. Department of Agriculture discovered that Spike not only kills weeds but may be the first effective herbicide against the hardy coca plant, the source of cocaine.

As part of its war on drugs, the U.S. reached an agreement with Peru to test Spike's effectiveness on its cocaine crop. The State Department wants to supply Peru with the herbicide for an eradication project in the Upper Huallaga Valley, along the eastern Andes, where much of the world's coca is grown. Peru would get the assistance; Lilly would get the order; and the coca would get annihilated.

Last month, however, Lilly suddenly announced that it would not sell Spike to Peru or the U.S. Government. Reason: the herbicide had not been fully tested in Peru. The company was undoubtedly reacting to protests by environmentalists, who claim that use of the herbicide on the Andes' delicate ecosystem could turn it into a desert. Just after Lilly's announcement, Walter Gentner, a recently retired research scientist at the U.S. Department of Agriculture, complained that he had been pressured by the State Department to condone use of Spike in Peru before its impact had been assessed.

The question of whether to Spike or not to Spike puts Government antidrug crusaders, environmentalists and corporate America in an awkward three-way tug-of-war. Last week Sandra Marquardt of the environmental group Greenpeace

accused the State Department of a "scorched-earth tactic that threatens to wipe out most plant life in the region for five years or more." Scientists for the Environmental Protection Agency say Tebuthiuron can harm useful vegetation if it leaches into groundwater. Ecologists contend that it would be difficult for farmers to grow crops after the coca has been destroyed. They point out that Spike is not meant to be used on the moist, hilly terrain of the eastern Andes. Warns Edgardo Machado, a Peruvian coca researcher: "The rain will drag the herbicide into the soil at lower levels of the valley, where there are farms."

The State Department has accused Lilly of going AWOL in the war against narcotics. U.S. officials say the crucial test for Spike will be conducted in the Andes over the next 90 days and insist that no decision should be made until then. In a press conference last week, Ann Wroblewski, Assistant Secretary of State for international narcotics, asserted that the Upper Huallaga Valley "is not suitable for crops. Peasants moved into the valley to grow coca, period." She pointed out that the cocaine traffickers, who use the area to process the raw leaf into cocaine paste, have inflicted the most environmental damage. She cited a Peruvian study estimating that in 1986, traffickers dumped some 100 million liters of harmful chemicals into the area's rivers.

The State Department is trying to persuade Lilly to reverse its decision. Meanwhile, they will continue to press Peru to rip out the coca plants by hand. Though ecologically safe, that method has drawbacks: the program last year managed to clear only 876 of the 395,000 acres under coca cultivation.

—By Richard Stengel

Reported by Elaine Shannon/Washington

Welfare Overhaul

Senators pass a landmark bill

What began in 1935 as a temporary pension program for widows, then ballooned into an income-maintenance program for millions of unemployed women with children, may now become a job program that would enable people to get off the dole altogether. By a vote of 93 to 3, the Senate agreed last week to revamp the nation's welfare laws in the hope of breaking the cycle of dependency on government support. "It's the first major change since the 1930s," said New York's Democratic Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, the architect of the bill, "and it redefines the notion of welfare."

The idea behind the landmark measure is to get people off relief by getting them into jobs. The bill requires that states provide job training, education and work for able-bodied welfare recipients, except those with children under the age of three. (States have the option of lowering that limit to age one.) To ensure the transition from handouts to breadwinning, states would have to provide child care for nine months and Medicaid for up to a year after the parent gets a job.

The bill remedies one much criticized aspect of the present federal program: that two-parent families cannot receive benefits. The new measure extends benefits to families in which both parents are unemployed; no longer will there be an incentive for a father to leave the home. In fact, the incentives will go the other way: the bill will get delinquent fathers to pay their fair share of child support by requiring employers to deduct support payments from their wages.

The Senate bill is a companion to a House bill passed last December. The \$7 billion House measure is more expensive and less stringent, and it provides greater benefits. Differences between the two must now be resolved by a House-Senate conference committee. The White House prefers the sterner Senate version. To avoid a potential presidential veto, a last-minute amendment was added to the Senate bill that requires one adult in two-parent welfare families to devote at least 16 hours a week to "workfare," or unpaid community work projects. The Senate and the Administration have already struck a compromise whereby 22% of those receiving benefits must have jobs or be enrolled in education or training programs by 1994. Says Moynihan: "If it works by the turn of the century, we will have a different social landscape."



Moynihan

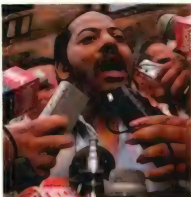
Blowing the Whistle on Tawana

An ex-aide to Brawley's advisers casts doubt on her claims

The Tawana Brawley story may be that there is no Tawana Brawley story. With that stunning declaration last week, a former aide to Brawley's team of advisers threatened to turn one of the country's most bizarre and frustrating legal cases inside out. Almost since the first report last November that Brawley, a black teenager from Wappingers Falls, N.Y., had been abducted and raped by six white men, officials investigating the matter had been stymied. The reason: at the prompting of three controversial advisers—the Rev. Al Sharpton and Attorneys Alton Maddox Jr. and C. Vernon Mason—Brawley and her family had refused to cooperate with the inquiry. Seeming to confirm growing suspicions about the case, Perry McKinnon, a private investigator and former assistant to Sharpton, told the *New York Daily News* that the whole story was a “pack of lies.”

A decorated Viet Nam veteran and former policeman who rated high marks in a previous job as a hospital security chief, McKinnon, 39, was denounced as a “pathological liar” by Sharpton. McKinnon was quickly subpoenaed to testify before the special grand jury investigating the case in Poughkeepsie, Attorney General Robert Abrams, special prosecutor in the case, declared that “if Mr. McKinnon is right, then Attorneys Mason and Maddox and the Rev. Sharpton have been consciously perpetrating a hoax.”

While withholding their cooperation from investigators with the claim that a white-run system will not accord justice



The conscientious objector

McKinnon couldn't live with a “pack of lies.”

to blacks, the trio of advisers has manipulated the case into a long-running multimedia sensation. Last week the affair was the centerpiece for an extraordinary episode of TV's *Phil Donahue* show. The one-hour broadcast was shot on location in Brooklyn's Bethany Baptist Church, where Brawley's mother Glenda, 33, had ensconced herself to avoid arrest on a contempt-of-court charge resulting from her refusal to obey a grand-jury subpoena.

McKinnon told the *Daily News* that he quit his job as Sharpton's aide five weeks ago because he could not “live with all those lies” the Brawley advisers were concocting. Interviewed later on New

York's WCBS-TV, he repeated his charges while hooked up to a lie detector. The polygraph, said the operator, indicated that McKinnon was telling the truth. According to McKinnon, the Brawley advisers did not really believe her story of abduction and rape. He said that when he personally offered to investigate, they showed no interest. “I don't care about no facts,” he quoted Maddox as saying. “I'm not going to pursue it legally; I'm going to pursue it politically.” Sharpton, McKinnon asserted, was all for exploiting the case to get a political protest movement going and boasted that the controversy would make them the “biggest niggers in New York.” A new wrinkle developed at week's end, when McKinnon's cousin, Alvin McKinnon, revealed that Perry had a history of mental problems. Alvin, a Sharpton supporter, said his cousin “had popped the cork again.” Other Sharpton aides, however, were said to be on the verge of corroborating Perry McKinnon's charges.

Governor Mario Cuomo had said earlier that the allegations against the three Brawley advisers demanded a “whole new look at the situation.” In a strongly worded letter to the attorney general, Cuomo warned that the judicial process could not be “deliberately and contemptuously violated.” Meanwhile, U.S. investigators began probing to see whether Sharpton, Maddox and Mason had committed any federal offense while raising funds by mail. As for Brawley, currently living quietly in Monticello, N.Y., how she came to be found last November, wrapped in a plastic bag and covered with scrawled racial epithets, remained a mystery.

—By Frank Trippett
Reported by Janice C. Simpson/New York

Thaw in the Ice Curtain

It was a heartwarming scene in the coldest of climates. Ora Golodergin, 72, boarded Alaska Airlines' “Friendship One” flight in Nome for the 40-minute trip to Provideniya, U.S.S.R., a bleak town of dilapidated concrete buildings across the Bering Sea. There, with hugs and shouts in Yupik, her native language, she was reunited with her close childhood friend, Uksima Uksima, 73, a Siberian Eskimo. The two are among the thousands of Eskimos separated in 1948 when the cold war dropped an Ice Curtain across the Bering Strait, closing the Alaska-Siberia passage. With this flight, about 25 Eskimos living on the American side of the strait were able to visit infolk on the Soviet side.

The impresario behind last week's inaugural flight, James Stimpfle, has more than *glasnost* on his mind. The Nome real estate broker hopes to make Siberia a major tourist attraction, with regularly scheduled air shuttles and even a cruise ship. But Provideniya in the Soviet Far East has drawbacks: it has no hotel and only one restaurant. Cement mixing and reindeer-hide tanning are its major enterprises. The architecture runs to concrete boxes. Then there is the climate: only Eskimos may consider 30° F in June balmy.

But Provideniya does have its charms. The Eskimos and 54 other day-trippers, each with some \$200 worth of rubles,

bought out the town's supply of Sputnik toothpaste, Soviet flags and T shirts commemorating the Russian Revolution. The Americans gave Oleg Kulinkin, who functions as mayor, a Xerox copier, the town's first, and a gas generator to power it. As the Alaskans headed toward the gravel runway for their return, the group's tour guide said, “I think you must come back. Soon is better than later.”



Provideniya welcome: only Eskimos may find 30° F in June balmy

American Notes



DISSENT **Waiting out a stalemate at the border**



WASHINGTON **Intruding nurse**



VIRGINIA **A believer in miracles**

ARIZONA

Mecham Wins One

Last April, Evan Mecham became the first U.S. Governor to be impeached in 59 years. Last week it looked as if the impolitic Arizona politician might also be facing a prison term. But after a little more than six hours of deliberation, a jury acquitted Mecham and his brother Willard of charges that they violated election laws by concealing a \$350,000 campaign loan.

While Mecham no longer faces criminal charges, few expect a quick revival of his tattered political career. His acquittal in no way affects his earlier impeachment, which was based on two unrelated charges: misusing state funds and trying to thwart an investigation of a death threat. Said Prosecutor Barnett Lottstein, explaining the case's outcome: "A lot of people in this community feel that he has suffered enough."

DISSENT

About-Face in Laredo

Billed as the first Veterans' Convoy for Peace, the 38 vans, cars and pickup trucks started their journey from Maine, Ohio, Montana and Washington. Their mission: to deliver

25 tons of donated food, medical supplies and toys to relief agencies in Nicaragua. But as the vehicles tried to cross the Mexican border from Laredo, Texas, last week, U.S. Customs officials insisted that the convoy drivers pledge not to violate the Administration's trade embargo by leaving their vehicles in Nicaragua. The drivers refused, claiming Nicaragua needed the rolling stock to transport children to hospitals and crops to market. After an eight-day stalemate, the convoy organizers decided to turn around and take their case directly to Washington, where they planned to lobby Congress and display samples of their humanitarian cargo across the street from the White House.

MISSISSIPPI

School for Scandal

Depending on whom you ask, the Rev. Herman Fountain's Bethel Home for Children is either successful therapy for troubled youths or a Dickensian nightmare. Last week a bizarre standoff between Fountain and state officials climaxed when police raided his Lucedale, Miss., Baptist school and church, rounding up 72 children between the ages of ten and 17. Earlier, a state judge had ruled that the children had been subjected to "physical abuse, medical ne-

glect and detention amounting to imprisonment," and ordered that the state department of public welfare take them into emergency custody.

But Fountain, a former drug addict who founded the boarding school for wayward youths in 1978, refused to comply and allegedly encouraged his young charges to flee rather than be taken into custody. Despite the charges of mistreatment, many of the children's parents defended the school, which stresses religious instruction along with strict discipline. "When a child is on drugs," said one parent, "you need the help of religion."

WASHINGTON

A Memorial Too Many

Of the 58,156 American service members who died in the Viet Nam War, eight were women. Last week, despite the fact that the Viet Nam Veterans Memorial wall in Washington lists all the dead without regard to race, rank or gender, the U.S. Senate voted 96 to 1 to build another monument at the same site to honor the women who served in Viet Nam. The proposed addition, a statue of a female nurse, still requires House approval.

The Senate endorsed the plan over protests by Maya Lin, designer of the original monument, and Washington's Commission of Fine Arts. The

statue of the nurse would not be the first one to compromise the somber dignity of Lin's wall of black granite. As a response to complaints from veterans' groups, "traditional" statues of infantrymen—portraying one black, one white and one Native American soldier—were added to the site in 1984, along with a flag standard.

VIRGINIA

Sacrificial Lamb

When Virginia Republicans convened in Roanoke last week and picked black Businessman Maurice Dawkins to run for the U.S. Senate, they handed him the dubious opportunity of serving as a sacrificial lamb in a contest against the state's most popular and best-financed Democrat: ex-Governor Charles S. Robb. A Chicago native and onetime preacher with a rousing hell-fire brand of oratory, Dawkins, 67, captured the nomination by getting more votes than two white candidates combined. Declaring that he would run a "conservative" but not a "black" campaign, Dawkins, a former Democrat who left the party in 1972, declined to accept the widespread assumption that nobody can beat Robb, a son-in-law of Lyndon B. Johnson. Says Dawkins: "I am a preacher. I believe in miracles."

World

SOVIET UNION

The First Hurrah

Gorbachev prepares for a lively political convention Moscow-style that will shape the fate of his revolution



AP/WIDE

As Ronald Reagan and other recent Western visitors to Moscow have noticed, Mikhail Gorbachev has achieved something that only three years ago would have seemed impossible. He has made the Soviet Union appear almost normal, a place with problems and foibles much like any other nation, a country that has ethnic protests, rock concerts, train wrecks, church services, strikes, scandals and beauty contests, not to mention pizza, pollution, late-night television talk shows and a First Lady. After the congenial Reagan-Gorbachev summit, the country paused for the millennium celebrations of the Russian Orthodox Church. Unthinkable under the old order.

Now Gorbachev is giving the Soviet Union yet another new taste: a political convention. Next week's 19th All-Union Communist Party Conference is developing into something almost Western in tone: a genuine political meeting, complete with delegate fights, a sense of spontaneity and a platform ringing with promises of free speech and untapped telephones.

More than 5,000 members will participate in the June 28 gathering, the first ir-

regular party conference since 1941. Many of the sessions will be broadcast live on television, and newspapers will reprint texts of speeches and delegate interviews. A press center is being established to provide Soviet and foreign journalists with daily briefings, access to high-level party officials, and meetings with key Gorbachev advisers.

The event has aroused genuine political passion among ordinary Soviets, for many a first in their lifetime. Soviet journalists have turned into political reporters, and ordinary citizens are joining with zest in the preparations for the conference. Every day the newspapers are filled with stories of rigged delegate elections and commentaries on the pros and cons of *perestroika* (restructuring) and *glasnost* (openness). In a round-table debate last week sponsored by the Novosti press agency, two delegates fiercely disputed whether a guarantee of "freedom of demonstrations" should be approved at the conference. "Look what happens in the West!" one shouted. Exclaimed the other: "But it is necessary for democratization!" Not since the early 1920s had Soviet Communists disagreed so publicly on so conten-

tious an issue. There was even talk of a party for non-Communists who support *perestroika*, to be called the Union of Fighters for Perestroika. Vladimir Kluyev, party secretary for Moscow's Lenin District, was asked if such a party might be formed. "A dialogue is going on," he replied. "New proposals are coming in and we are discussing them all together."

Like many of Gorbachev's ideas, the notion of convening a special conference is traceable to the founder of Russian Communism, Vladimir Ilyich Lenin. In the early days of Soviet power, such extraordinary sessions, held between regular quinquennial party congresses, were convened to deal with emergencies, major and minor. The practice fell into disuse under Joseph Stalin's dictatorship, although it was Stalin who called the last one, in 1941, to rally the party and the country against the German invasion. Gorbachev has revived the practice in hopes that it will give impetus to his reforms and provide him with a protective mandate for his program.

Gorbachev has already made startling progress by putting most of the country's industry on a self-financing system



FREE DISCUSSION

Political debate must be accompanied by a real pluralism of opinions and the open comparison of ideas and interests. Those punished for speaking their minds in the past should be rehabilitated.



THE ECONOMY

Targets for income growth are not being met. Serious consideration should be given to the introduction of economic competition as an antidote to monopoly stagnation and conservatism.



SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

Socialism today cannot successfully develop without advancement in science and technology. The material base of Soviet science, particularly electronic goods, continues to lag.



DEMOCRATIZATION

Party members will have the right to nominate their own candidates, in addition to those of the leadership. Service on party committees will be limited to two consecutive five-year terms.



PARTY PRINCIPLES

Freedom of debate and voting by secret ballots should be guaranteed. In elections to party office, more than one candidate will be nominated.



GLASNOST LAWS

Members of the public and media should be free to attend as many official meetings as possible. Elected government officials, like those of the party, should serve no more than two terms.



NATIONALITY ISSUES

Ethnic groups that have no statehood or other territorial unit of their own will be entitled to freer political expression than in the past, and interethnic issues will be settled democratically.



JUDICIAL REFORM

Judges will be given guarantees against outside interference with their cases, and defendants will be presumed innocent until proven guilty. Personal and privacy rights will be more firmly upheld.



CITIZEN PARTICIPATION

Trade unions, youth groups, economic cooperatives and other public organizations will be encouraged to play an active role in perestroika and will be asked to restructure themselves.



FOREIGN POLICY

Soviet foreign policy in the past has on occasion been dogmatic and subjective. The distinguishing feature in the new foreign policy style is the encouragement of dialogue.

and encouraging private initiative in co-operative and individual enterprises. But the reform process has run up against bureaucratic resistance and opposition from traditional Communists, who see the profit motive as sinful backsliding into the evils of capitalism. A firm endorsement by the party conference will help break the bureaucratic backlog as well as reassure those who take their Marxism-Leninism too seriously.

During the four days of meetings in the Kremlin's steel-and-glass Palace of Congresses, delegates are to debate the future of Gorbachev's policies and, hence, perhaps of the General Secretary himself. The widespread expectation is that the conference will be far livelier than the set-piece meetings typical of East bloc politics. That prediction is buttressed by the presence among the delegations of fiery and independent-minded public figures. These include Boris Yeltsin, whom Gorbachev ousted late last year as Moscow party leader, apparently for being a bit too outspoken in favor of *perestroika*. Yeltsin was nevertheless elected a delegate from

a remote district on the Finnish border.

Soviet intellectuals are hoping for short, sharp debate at the conference rather than an interminable series of droning speeches. They anticipate secret ballots of uncertain outcome, not the usual unanimous show of party cards. Many delegates are convinced that the conference will decide not only the future of *perestroika* but also the very course of world Communism. "If conservative forces manage to cut short our revolutionary *perestroika* and throw us backward, it would mean the moral death and destruction of our party, the party of Lenin," wrote Playwright Alexander Gelman, a Gorbachev supporter. If the conference fails, Gelman warned, "society would be led down the [democratic] path not by our party but by some other political force, which would emerge from the people in the whirlwind of crisis."

Gelman's strong words reflect Gorbachev's own analysis of what the General Secretary has called a pre-crisis situation that must be resolved by conference support for his policies. He has spoken repeatedly of a vaguely defined but supposedly powerful "opposi-

tion," of "antagonists" determined to "put a brake on *perestroika*." Addressing Soviet media officials last month, he warned, "Our antagonists are making their own plans and calculations" in the choice of delegates to the conference. "Our position is that ardent supporters of *perestroika*, active Communists, should be chosen as delegates... There must be no more quotas, as was the case in the past, specifying how many factory workers and farmers and how many women are to be chosen."

With all the talk of opposition, a relatively new word in Soviet politics, the conference is seen as a heavyweight contest: Reformer Gorbachev in one corner, bureaucratic conservatism in the other. "It is a game of perceptions," says a Western diplomat in Moscow. "If afterward the perception is that the conservatives have scored some points, it will be a setback for Gorbachev. If the perception is that *perestroika* is irreversible, a lot of fence sitters will join Gorbachev's bandwagon."

The analyst's choice of language reflects the degree to which Gorbachev has adapted Western-style political techniques to Soviet politics and how he has applied them to the organization of the conference. Perhaps surprisingly for a man who was born in the closed society of Stalin and rose to prominence in the closed-minded society of Leonid Brezhnev, Gorbachev knows about the straw man, the trial balloon and the bandwagon effect, and has used them in a subtle and effective campaign to make sure that he can win next week's game of perceptions.

His straw men are the "oppositionists" he so often criticizes. Whether they actually exist or are merely the creations of a canny political illusionist, they are effective in winning him support. They inspire *perestroika*'s enthusiasts to greater effort and at the same time put pressure on nervous provincial leaders who want to avoid falling into the dread category of opposition.

Gorbachev floated a variety of trial balloons before the conference, such as the notion that party officials should be limited to two five-year terms in office. At his first mention of that idea last year, he was careful not to include the powerful Central Committee or Politburo in the suggestion. But the concept caught on and is now part of the reform proposals to be aired at the meeting. Gorbachev himself, as well as all Central Committee and Politburo members, would presumably be subject to the two-term limit, though there is a controversial loophole: officeholders may win a third term if they receive three-fourths of the vote in the party committee concerned, a relatively easy task in a country with a tradition of 99.9% majorities in one-candidate elections.

The bandwagon Gorbachev tows to the conference is crowded. Part of his political success lies in the fact that he has made room for nearly everybody, from the redoubtable dissident Andrei Sakharov to Russian Orthodox priests to down-

World

trodden workingwomen. Perhaps the only major category of citizenry not invited aboard consists of habitual tipplers, who have been driven to moonshine, cognac cocktails and sullen anger over Gorbachev's anti-alcoholism campaign.

Even the suspicious West will be an interested spectator as the conference debates a set of ten "theses" that were approved last month by the Central Committee. On the basis of the debate, the conference will pass a series of resolutions, probably five in all, dealing with such issues as legal reform, nationalities and a general political resolution. They will then become official party policy.

The theses include a manifesto of freedoms that suggests a cross between the U.S. Bill of Rights and the "Socialism with a human face" of Czechoslovakia's Alexander Dubček, which was crushed by Soviet tanks in 1968. The state, according to the document, should provide "material and juridical conditions for the exercise of constitutional freedoms (freedom of speech, the press, conscience, assembly, meetings, street processions and demonstrations, etc.). And firmer guarantees of personal rights, such as the inviolability of the person and the home, and privacy of correspondence and telephone conversations." Encouraging as such language may be, most of those rights are already enshrined in the Soviet constitution. By mentioning them in the theses, the party is admitting that the freedoms have not been protected in the past and probably not in the present.

Yet the theses, as well as the advance buildup for the conference, seem to demonstrate a willingness to open up a byzantine political system. One of the most unusual aspects of the party-conference preparations—a credit to both *glasnost* and Gorbachev's adroitness—is that Soviet citizens have been able to read about delegate fights in the press. *Pravda* told of a meeting at an 8,000-seat soccer stadium in the west Siberian city of Omsk at which enraged rank-and-file members harangued party bosses because a final delegate list did not include those who had received the most votes in the secret ballot. "Party leaders who came to the meeting ... went through some unpleasant moments," *Pravda* reported. In another case, the weekly magazine *Ogonyok* delighted its readers with a scathing satire on the back-room politics surrounding the selection of the archconservative Anatoli Ivanov, editor of the youth journal *Molodaya Gvardiya* (Young Guard). Seasoned Communist politicians have found themselves forced to campaign for delegate seats, most for the first time in their ca-

reers. "It was exhausting," said Vladimir Kluyev, who won a place on the delegation from Moscow's Lenin District. "A difficult process."

Notwithstanding his reformist image, Gorbachev in the end may find he prefers the Kluyevs of conventional party practice over more fiery pro-*perestroika* candidates. At a meeting attended by Gorbachev to choose Moscow's delegation two weeks ago, Ivanov was confirmed as a delegate despite the *Ogonyok* attack, while the passionate playwright Gelman was not. There and elsewhere Gorbachev has shown a well-tuned instinct for the

should not panic and should not quiver and tremble. In this case, comrades, too much emotion is what we do not need."

Gorbachev may have had in mind the volatile situation in the southern republics of Armenia and Azerbaijan, which may represent a serious threat to his policies and his position. More than 35 people have been killed in four months of demonstrations and occasional violence over the status of Nagorno-Karabakh, an ethnic Armenian enclave in Azerbaijan. Last week the issue took a surprising turn, when the Armenian supreme soviet, or parliament, voted in favor of annexing Nagorno-Karabakh, contradicting the position taken in March by Moscow party leaders. The vote also put the Armenian leaders in conflict with their counterparts in Azerbaijan, who had decided earlier in the week not to relinquish control of Nagorno-Karabakh. It was the first time in Soviet history that one of the 15 constituent republics had so directly opposed either Moscow leadership or a sister republic. That issue and other disruptive nationality problems will be discussed at length at the party conference. One possible compromise solution would be to give Nagorno-Karabakh autonomous status, making it independent of both Azerbaijan and Armenia.

Although the turmoil is neither anti-Soviet nor anti-Communist, it could threaten Gorbachev's position if it remains unresolved. "What is happening around Nagorno-Karabakh is a blow to *perestroika*, possibly the most serious blow in recent times," warned the youth newspaper *Komsomolskaya Pravda*. "This is a challenge to the ideals of *glasnost*, a chance for conservatives to strengthen their point of view."

Troublesome as they may be, the Armenian protests—and Moscow's restraint in dealing with them—are part of what makes the Soviet Union look less formidable these days. A truly evil empire would have put down the protests with tanks, troops and mass arrests. Shared problems build trust.

So do shared tastes, good and bad. Thus when staid comrades bent to the lighthearted task of choosing 16-year-old Maria Kalinina in a bathing suit as Miss Moscow last week, the world could afford to relax a little. It will relax still more if next week's party conference keeps its promise of liberalizing Soviet society—even if delegates do not snake-dance down the aisles in funny hats amid balloons and confetti, as their American counterparts will be doing later this summer in Atlanta and New Orleans.

By James O. Jackson.
Reported by Ann Blackman/Moscow



NATIONALITY ISSUES

Young people on a hunger strike earlier this month in Yerevan, capital of Armenia. The protests ended when the local legislature voted to incorporate Nagorno-Karabakh into Armenia. The territory has been part of the largely Muslim republic of Azerbaijan since 1923, but three-quarters of its residents are Armenian Christians.

safe middle ground. When he dumped Yeltsin, the pro-*perestroika* Moscow party boss, from the Politburo earlier this year, Gorbachev was protecting one flank. When he later chastised Yegor Ligachev, a Politburo member regarded as the country's leading conservative, Gorbachev was guarding the other flank. "Left-wing phrasemaking is the wrong medicine," Gorbachev said during the meeting to select Moscow's conference delegation. But in the same speech he blamed "inertia and old-style methods of management through command and pressure" for failures in the economy. In other words, the fault lay with both sides, and he was a clear-eyed St. George prepared to slay the dragons of right and left. Asked Gorbachev: "What should we do in the face of this situation? Above all, we

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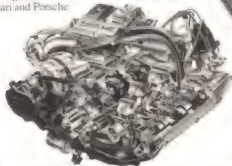


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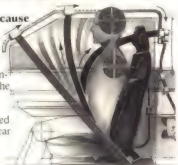


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"We Humiliate Ourselves"

In language strikingly blunt and colorful, the Soviet Union's best-known poet denounces his countrymen for endlessly tolerating the shortcomings of their society and warns that such patience may be the death of *perestroika*

By Yevgeny Yevtushenko

With the flowering of glasnost, some extraordinary things have begun appearing in the Soviet press. Among the more remarkable is this essay by Yevgeny Alexandrovich Yevtushenko, 54, published last month in the journal Literaturnaya Gazeta. Excerpts:

I can't remember the first time I heard that profoundly Russian, tragically all-embracing word *priteplost* [servile patience]. But it came to mind of late.

"Forgive the present, Yevgeny Alexandrovich, but it's a precious thing nowadays," said a distant relative as she put a sack of sugar, almost impossible to find, on our May Day holiday table. This was in the 71st year of Soviet power, over 40 years after the war! And suddenly I caught myself happy with the small domestic predatory joy of obtaining, which for so many of us substitutes for any real joy of existence. The woman sighed and said, "Look what we've come to . . . And it's all the fault of our damned *priteplost* . . ."

I couldn't put it any better. The word expresses respect for patience. There is patience and tolerance worthy of respect—the patience of a woman suffering in labor, the patience of real creators at work, the patience of people under torture who will not name their friends. But there is also useless, humiliating patience. How can we respect ourselves if we allow such disrespect for ourselves every day? Every queue, every shortage shows our society's disrespect for itself.

We're used to blaming others, in particular the government, for shortages and other problems. Now, thank goodness, we have begun speaking not only of Stalin's personal guilt, but of the guilt of his entourage for crimes against the people. Let's be honest and admit that it was not only the ruling clique that was guilty, but the people as well, who allowed the clique to do whatever it wanted. Permitting crimes is a form of participating in them, and historically, we are used to permitting them. That is *priteplost*. It is time to stop blaming everything on the bureaucracy. If we put up with it, then we deserve it.

Let's take a seeming "trifle," the disappearance of sugar. Whose fault is it? The Central Committee's? The Council of Ministers'? Of course, they are at fault. But aren't you and I too? We have come to tolerate the disappearance of one item and then another. How can we be surprised at tolerating the disap-



pearance of such relatively minor things when just yesterday we put up with the disappearance of so many people?

Let us get down to the causes of why sugar is a pathetically precious gift on the day of international solidarity of workers. Our new leaders took a fearless look into the eyes of statistical truth about alcoholism and its consequences. They gasped. A harsh, radical decision was taken. But the emotion, quite justified, was not supported, unfortunately, by a long-range, well-worked-out plan. An appearance of discussion was organized—in the old way, by fishing for supporting voices.

Sometimes I think bitterly: What if the April Fool issue of *Pravda* published a party and government resolution calling for a campaign against sobriety? I'm sure that "faithful soldiers of the party" would immediately organize "large meetings of the workers" in support of this "historic decision." Brave highway patrolmen would enthusiastically start taking away the driver's licenses of all drivers who did not reek of vodka. I can imagine the show trials of nondrinkers, the denunciations of party members observed amorally drinking mineral water in restaurants.

The first method of slowing down *perestroika* is sabotage in the guise of support. The second is stifling with embrace. The idea of fighting alcoholism, correct in principle, has been stifled by delighted embrace and ruined by distorted, hypocritical enthusiasm. A bottle of white lightning can poison a man. A bottle of good wine can be a good dinner companion. But our wine production was automatically curtailed; precious vineyards were ruthlessly chopped down. Alcoholism is a socially dangerous condition that must be treated punitively, but who has the right to take away from a man who is not an alcoholic his right to a mug of beer after work, his glass of natural wine or champagne?

Why did the entire nation become suspected of being alcoholics and, after waiting in other humiliating queues, have to queue up for even more hours? The reason is our tolerance of mindless execution of all decisions. Not only time and mental health are destroyed in queues; people are destroyed. The first harsh anti-alcoholism measures came as positive shock therapy. But you can't have daily social shock therapy; the society's nervous system will collapse, revealing many unexpected ulcers.

The campaign against alcoholism has been turned into a

campaign against legal vodka, legal wine, legal beer. State vodka and wine, whose quality has dropped in recent years but still must meet government standards, have yielded to moonshine made out of the devil knows what, including lotions and callus removers. I admit that, chilled to the bone one night in Kamchatka, I had a shot of the local moonshine made from tomato paste. The next day my feet were swollen with arthritis so painfully I wanted to howl. The doctor who gave me an injection made an accurate diagnosis: "Our famous tomato brew."

How can we be surprised that sugar is suddenly scarce? It was bound to disappear. And shouldn't society as a whole, you and I, and not just the government, have foreseen this? Society needs not just farseeing people but also foreseeing people. The only democratic society is the one that feels it governs from bottom to top—and is not governed by the top, awaiting its commands and then blaming it for all mistakes. Passivity's capitulating slogan is "I'm just a little person; what can I do?" But if you justify your cowardice by saying you can't do anything, then you can't complain and you can't whine either. We are killing *perestroika* with civic temerity, waiting by the sidelines to see which side wins.

Perestroika will be whatever we will be. If we are halfway, we'll have semi-*perestroika*. If we rebuild with rotting lumber from former labor camps, *perestroika* will collapse. If we all pull the blankets toward ourselves, *perestroika* will freeze. What is done in the name of protecting one's cushy armchair isn't ideology, it's cushionology. Between the pro-*perestroika*s and the anti-*perestroika*s, unfortunately, there is a large group I call the "oilers." They're the ones who whine constantly about the lack of sugar and other things but do not lift a finger to stop those who want to kill *perestroika*. It is time people understood that there are not two separate *perestroikas*—one material and one political. Without defending democracy, there's no point in demanding democracy.

"Patience will crack a rock," the old folk saying goes. Three hundred years under the Tatars and 300 years under the Romanovs developed both heroic patience, which erupted into popular revolts, and servile patience, or *priterpelost*. Russia was the last European country to free its serfs, and plunged into socialism directly from sovereign feudalism, almost completely bypassing the experience of bourgeois democracy. The bedbugs of feudalism and servility moved inside wooden trunks from village huts into communal apartments. Many bosses behaved like "Red feudal lords," taking away not only the peasants' land but their passports too—and that really smacked of serfdom. Stalin's forced collectivization was a crude mockery of the slogans "Land to the Peasants" and "All Power to the Soviets."

Tolerance gradually developed for many things—repression, arbitrary taxation, forced signatures, the Iron Curtain, the humiliation of scientists, composers, writers. The best people were pruned away. It was like a nightmare in which a gang determined to kill all the Thoroughbred horses wandered through the stables at night with axes. Horses as a breed survived, but many of them turned out to be horses with the psychology of mice. We need to do much more to be able to restore our human breed, which has suffered such losses. We must not allow ourselves to tolerate our own patience. *Priterpelost* is the main obstacle to *perestroika*.

Priterpelost is capitulation before "infinite humiliations." First we humiliate ourselves to get an apartment. We humiliate ourselves hunting in the jungles of commerce for wallpaper, faucets, toilet bowls, latches. The sight of a Yugoslav lamp fixture or a Rumanian sofa bed brings fireworks to our eyes. When a child is born, we humiliate ourselves to obtain day care and kindergarten.

tens, finding nipples, crawlers, disposable diapers, carriages, sleds, playpens. We humiliate ourselves in stores, beauty parlors, tailor shops, dry cleaners, car-repair garages, restaurants, hotels, box offices and Aeroflot counters, repair shops for TVs, refrigerators and sewing machines—stepping on our pride, moving from wheedling to arguing and back to wheedling. We spend all our time trying to get something. It's humiliating that we still can't feed ourselves, having to buy bread and butter and meat and fruit and vegetables abroad.

It is humiliating that we still can't dress ourselves well and that we chase after foreign goods. We should manufacture clothes and shoes that will not make Soviets ashamed to wear them. It is humiliating that we still don't have enough medicine to treat our people. The shortage of books is humiliating—a betrayal of the human spirit. The shortage of computers is humiliating—a betrayal of modern technological thought. The system of travel abroad is humiliating despite all the promises made to simplify it. The gates should be opened wide for anyone who wants to leave forever, with the exception of the few connected

with security work. It is humiliating to hold people by force. You can't call those who leave enemies. And if they haven't insulted the homeland in any way, they should be able to come back to visit or for good. Why shouldn't all citizens of the U.S.S.R. be given a foreign-travel passport good for, say, three years with the right to travel on business, for tourism, or to visit relatives?

The most horrible thing is when we, humiliated by someone, start to humiliate someone else. Humiliating others is a terrible addiction.

Glasnost is a declaration of war against infinite humiliation. *Glasnost* is war for man's social dignity. Man has the right to like the music he wants, to dress as he likes, to wear his hair as he likes.

The anti-*perestroika*s are trying to interpret *glasnost* as discrediting the achievements of socialism. But *glasnost* itself is an achievement of socialism. Economic *perestroika*, like *glasnost*, is being discredited, hobbled, scared off, worn down. In economics, as in literature, there are sacred cows who pretend to be defending the national interest and are actually defending only their own. Today *glasnost* must help the economy. Tomorrow, if *glasnost* is in trouble, it will be supported by the mighty shoulder of the new economy. Without personal initiative, we will not be able to move forward in either *glasnost* or the economy.

The Iron Curtain between East and West for many years created an image of our country that was both attractive and frightening. The exploits of our people in the war against Hitler added an aura of heroism to that image. Khrushchev's thaw added glimmers of hope for mutual understanding. The horrible truth about Stalin's camps, the arrests of dissidents, the abuses of psychiatry, the exile of Academician Andrei Sakharov, the presence of our troops in Afghanistan—all lined up and blown out of proportion by reactionary elements in the Western press—worked to destroy the heroic aura, reducing our image to that of an anti-Christ "empire of evil." However, thanks to the peaceful initiatives of our country in nuclear disarmament, *glasnost* and democratization, the anti-Christ image has been shattered.

We don't need makeup or a mask on our face to impress foreigners or to make them like us. Of course, I would like our country to be liked by humanity—not through lies, but because of the truth it brings to the world. But most of all, I want our country to like itself. We love it, are proud of its traditions. But not all traditions are good. And *priterpelost* is a bad tradition that must be rejected as being incompatible with *perestroika*.

—Translated by Antonina W. Bouis

Let's be honest and admit that it was not only the ruling clique that was guilty, but the people as well, who allowed the clique to do whatever it wanted. Permitting crimes is a form of participating in them, and historically, we are used to permitting them.

World

NORTHERN IRELAND

Marathon of Death

An I.R.A. bomb kills six British soldiers

Some 10,000 people took advantage of sunny weather last week to attend the town of Lisburn's annual "fun run." The final race, a 13-mile half marathon, had just ended, and the assembled throng was beginning to disperse. Suddenly the peaceful scene was shattered by an explosion that turned a blue van slowing for a traffic light into a fireball. All six passengers, British soldiers who had participated in the races, were killed. The only wonder was that there were no fatalities among onlookers, though eight of them were injured.

Responsibility was quickly claimed by the outlawed Irish Republican Army. It was the British army's worst loss of life in Northern Ireland in nearly six years, and the I.R.A.'s bloodiest attack since last November, when a bombing at a war memorial ceremony in Enniskillen claimed the lives of eleven civilians. In Lisburn, I.R.A. operatives evidently managed to attach a bomb to the van's chassis while it was parked, unattended, during the races. In London, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher called the attack a "terrible atrocity" but rejected calls in Parliament for the internment



Fireball: investigators search wreckage of victims' van

without trial of suspected terrorists in Ulster. In the war against I.R.A. terrorism, said Tom King, the Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, "there is no shortcut."

Detours, on the other hand, seem to exist. Last week an extradition ruling by an Irish court in the town of Portlaoise confounded the British and Irish governments, which only a month ago had agreed on procedures aimed at making it easier for Britain to bring accused I.R.A.

terrorists to trial in British courts. In the Portlaoise case, the judge, claiming that Britain had failed to identify the suspect formally, refused to extradite Patrick McVeigh, who is accused of complicity in four London bombings between 1981 and 1983. Officials in Dublin promised to appeal the Portlaoise ruling. McVeigh, who was released after serving five years in an Irish prison for firearms violations, went into hiding.

Another custody matter, this one involving the U.S., moved a step closer to resolution in Britain's favor. Attorney General Edwin Meese ordered that Joseph Doherty, a Northern Ireland fugitive convicted of killing a British army captain in 1980, should be deported to Britain rather than Ireland. Doherty, who entered the U.S. illegally in 1982 after escaping from a Belfast jail, faces life behind bars if he is sent to Britain. Meese's action was the Reagan Administration's latest effort to sidestep

federal court decisions holding that Doherty is exempt from extradition to Britain on the grounds that his actions were politically motivated. Doherty's lawyers petitioned for a review of Meese's decision. Meanwhile, the defendant will remain in a New York City jail, where he has been held without bail for most of the past five years.

By William R. Doerner.

Reported by Edmund Curran/Belfast and Michael Duffy/Washington

ISRAEL

Forced Exile

An activist is deported

Until he left Tel Aviv for New York City last week, few Americans had ever heard of Mubarak Awad. But the Israeli decision to deport Awad made the Palestinian American something of a media celebrity, with the Reagan Administration firmly in his corner. Conceded an Israeli official: "We shot ourselves in the foot."

Awad, 44, has been an irritant to the Israeli government for years. Through his Jerusalem-based Palestinian Center for the Study of Nonviolence, he has been advocating a campaign of civil disobedience against Israeli occupation of territories captured in the 1967 Arab-Israeli war. An admirer of Mahatma Gandhi and Martin Luther King Jr., Awad urges, among other things, a Palestinian boycott of Israeli products and Israeli taxes, and destruction of Israeli fences and power lines built across Arab land.

Awad was born in East Jerusalem, the part of the city annexed by Israel from Jordan after the 1967 war. He moved to the U.S. in 1970, became a U.S. citizen in 1978, and in 1985 returned to his homeland to establish his center. Awad's cur-

rent troubles with Israeli officials began in the spring of 1987, when he sought to renew the residency permit he had been issued in 1967. The authorities rejected his application and ordered him to leave the country when his tourist visa expired in November. He refused to go, arguing, with strong support from U.S. consular officials, that under international conventions Israel had no right to expel him from the place of his birth. The government put the case on hold.


Once the *intifadeh* (uprising) began



Awad at a New York City press conference
Singled out as an instigator of violence

last December, however, Israeli officials singled him out as an instigator. In May, Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir, acting as Interior Minister, ordered Awad arrested and expelled. Without offering any hard evidence, security officials charged that Awad had incited "civil uprising" and helped write leaflets distributed by the *intifadeh's* underground leadership, that advocated civil disobedience. Awad appealed the decision to the Supreme Court, which ruled two weeks ago that he had forfeited his right to residence status in Israel once he became a U.S. citizen. This legalism enabled the government to expel Awad without having to substantiate claims that he had broken Israeli law for his role in the uprising. To Awad's supporters, the verdict was a stunning example of a legal double standard: thousands of American Jews, they point out, are permitted to hold dual U.S.-Israeli citizenship indefinitely. Secretary of State George Shultz appealed directly to Shamir to revoke the deportation order, but to no avail.

Last week Awad vowed to return to Jerusalem, even if he must convert from Christianity to Judaism so that he is eligible for residency under the Law of Return. "Someone should not have to change their religion to go back to their birthplace," he said. "If all fails, this is what I'm willing to do."



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■ **SCENES FROM A RAMPAGE.** In Düsseldorf on game day, Herbert Schnoor, state Interior Minister, pleaded that the "game of Europe not be allowed to become the battle of Europe." Some 2,300 policemen were mobilized to enforce the plea, and fans were screened by metal detectors and Breathalyzers. But after England's loss to Holland, the truncheon-wielding police, some leading muzzled dogs, were repeatedly forced to repel waves of howling hooligans intent on attacking one another in the train station.



WEST GERMANY

"A Disgrace to Civilized Society"

Away from home, England's unruly soccer fans run riot once again

On the field, the English national team played bravely and well against Holland before being eliminated, by a score of 3-1, from the European Championship soccer tournament in West Germany last week. Outside Düsseldorf's Rheinstadion, however, England suffered a shameful defeat—at the fists and feet of its own unruly fans. After a weeklong rampage through four West German cities, about 250 English hooligans—some wearing T shirts reading *INVASION OF GERMANY 1988*, others with their faces painted in Union Jack colors—had been detained for drunkenness, looting and fighting. One Irish fan died, drowning in Frankfurt's Main River apparently while intoxicated. The rowdies left a trail of destruction that included dozens injured and hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property damage. Outraged, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher told the House of Commons, "The scenes that we have seen on our television screens are a disgrace to civilized society and make us feel ashamed that any of our people were involved in them."

For anyone who has watched the behavior of some English fans over the years, last week came as no surprise. English soccer clubs have been banned from the Continent since 1985 by the Union of European Football Associations (U.E.F.A.)

following one of the most horrific episodes in soccer history. Three years ago, Liverpool fans attacked Italian boosters during a game against Turin's Juventus club in Brussels. In the stampede to get out of the thugs' way, 39 people died and some 450 were injured.

British authorities subsequently clamped down at home by banning alcohol sales in stadiums and installing closed-circuit TV monitors and metal detectors. No use: the rowdy element among the fans—mostly young men who labor in manual trades—kept up its nasty ways in incidents around England.

British and West German officials began exchanging information on the most violent offenders months ago in preparation for last week's eight-nation tournament. After the first match between England and Ireland in Stuttgart on June 12, which Ireland won 1-0, some 20 English thugs beat up a 22-year-old Egyptian resident, slicing him with a broken bottle. Before the evening ended, 107 people, most of them English, had been detained by police for drunkenness and fighting.

Next day the hooligans migrated north for the game in Düsseldorf. One contingent stopped long enough in Cologne to do some serious drinking, smash windows and beat up a few citizens. Twenty-two Englishmen were jailed.

Meantime, throngs of rowdies roamed through Düsseldorf's cavernous main railroad station, drinking and gearing up for the game. When a trainload of German fans arrived, the station quickly became a battleground of fistfights and splintered chairs. Miraculously, there were no serious injuries, but 130 were arrested, about 90 of them English. This time, said Düsseldorf Police Chief Hans Lissen, "The English were not the instigators. The Germans started it."

On Friday in Frankfurt, site of England's consolation game with the Soviet Union, the tireless roughnecks caroused in the city's red-light district, despite 1,400 patrolling policemen. It was an altogether repugnant show. As a bleary-eyed fan wearing a Union Jack T shirt said, "We'll never be in Europe again. Not even our own government will recommend us."

True enough. By midweek Thatcher, Sports Minister Colin Moynihan and other Cabinet ministers had drawn up a five point proposal. Among the suggestions: travel restrictions on convicted hooligans, further clampdowns on admission to matches at home, and the withdrawal of English national teams from Continental play, perhaps even from the 1990 World Cup in Rome. For its part the U.E.F.A. announced last week that the club competition ban against England would continue. The louts had hashed any argument that might have been made to end the proscription.

—By J.D. Reed, Reported by James Graff/Düsseldorf and Peter Shaw/London

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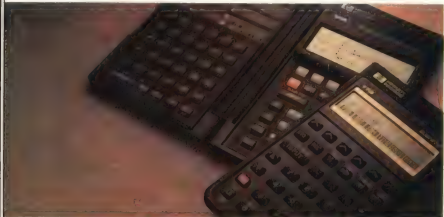
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World Notes



WEST GERMANY **Mind what you say**



HONG KONG **Vietnamese refugees adrift in the China Sea**



HAITI **Manigat makes his move**

HAITI

Puppet Showdown

When Leslie Manigat emerged as the victor in Haiti's presidential elections last January, it was assumed that the former political exile would act as a puppet for the outgoing military junta led by Lieut. General Henri Namphy. But last week it was the puppet who pulled the strings. In a communiqué read over Haitian television and radio, Manigat dismissed Namphy as Commander in Chief of the army for "insubordination" and fired two other generals on Namphy's staff.

The power struggle broke into the open when Manigat rescinded an order by Namphy to transfer and retire several top-ranking officers loyal to the government. After Namphy defied the repeal, Manigat moved against him, but the President may have to pull a few more strings before he can prove that he is in full control.

TURKEY

Thumbs Up For Ozal

Although Turkey's Prime Minister Turgut Ozal, 61, has led his nation to a new level of economic and social advancement during five years of leadership, last week was one that

he may want to forget. First, Ozal's historic meeting in Greece with Prime Minister Andreas Papandreu to settle differences between their nations ended in an affable but thorough stalemate. Back home in Ankara, while Ozal was addressing a rally of his center-right Motherland Party, a man in the crowd opened fire with a gun, wounding the Prime Minister in the thumb.

Ozal ducked under the podium and delegates scrambled to get out of the Atatürk convention hall as bullets fired by security guards sprayed the room. More than a dozen people were wounded by gunfire, and several were injured in the stampede. The would-be assassin was immediately captured. He was identified as Kartal Demirag, a Turk who had recently escaped from prison, where he was being held for attempted murder. Ozal, who later had three stitches in his hand, returned to the podium to tell cheering delegates, "No one can take away the life given by God except God himself."

WEST GERMANY

Curses! Fined Again

A few choice words usually come to the mind of a driver when he is stopped by the police, but Bavarians have a very expensive reason to think twice before uttering

any unseemly thoughts. According to a survey by the Munich newspaper *Abendzeitung*, Bavarians who vilify traffic officers as *damischer Bullen* (stupid bull) are fined an average of \$1,710. Some less costly imprecations include *Raubritter* (robber baron) at \$1,140, *Depp* (idiot) at \$513 and *Stinksniefel* (smelly boot), a relative bargain at \$51.

Words need not be spoken for an officer's honor to be impugned. A flip of the middle finger could cost \$855. And if any of Bavaria's road demons think that being friendly will help them, they should think again. Those found guilty of addressing police with the familiar *Du* rather than the more formal *Sie* are fined an average of \$1,283.

HONG KONG

End of The Road

Hong Kong ran out of patience last week. For 13 years, the British colony has served as a way station for tens of thousands of Vietnamese boat people. But last week, after this year's flood of newcomers almost doubled the colony's refugee population, to more than 16,500 people, the government declared that all future arrivals will be detained as illegal immigrants, ineligible for resettlement unless they can prove they are victims of persecution.

Only some 10% are expected to be able to do so. Sympathy is in especially short supply for the latest arrivals, most of whom come from northern Viet Nam.

As boats filled with refugees arrived in Hong Kong harbor last week, police went aboard to inform the passengers of the new policy. The refugees will be held in detention camps, probably for years, until the Vietnamese government agrees to take them back.

CHINA

On Second Thought...

The Dalai Lama, the spiritual leader of Tibet, has repeatedly insisted that his countrymen be granted full independence by their Chinese overlords. Last week he offered a more modest proposal. At a press conference at the European Parliament in Strasbourg, the Dalai Lama suggested that Tibet be granted the status of "association" with China.

Under the plan, Tibetans would have the "right to decide on all matters concerning Tibet," the Dalai Lama said, while China would retain authority over foreign affairs and, for a time, defense. Beijing officials responded to the Dalai Lama's suggestion by warning foreigners to stop providing a forum for proposals that aim at "undermining China's territorial integrity."

Profile

WHITE AMONG BLACKS

AS THE ONLY Afrikaners in a township of more than 300,000, the Rev. Nico Smith and his wife have chosen a brave but lonely way to battle apartheid

A messenger unaware, the pith-helmeted colored, or mixed-race, mailman pedaled his bicycle past the bougainvillea that lined the quiet suburban street. He stopped and rang the bell at the home of a theology professor at South Africa's Stellenbosch University. A tall, stoop-shouldered man came to the door. Curious, then amazed, the mailman watched the professor open the envelope, read the brief message and suddenly begin weeping. The mailman had no way of knowing they were tears of joy.

The year was 1981, and the telegram said, "You are called to Mamelodi parish." To the professor, Nico Smith, it meant a complete change in his life, a rejection, in fact, of everything that his life had been until then and everything fundamental in Afrikaner society and Afrikaner belief.

Mamelodi is a black township of more than 300,000 on the outskirts of Pretoria. At Smith's request, not only was he about to become its white minister, but also he and his wife Ellen would be its sole white inhabitants. The Afrikaners, among whom Smith had spent his whole life, have a harsh word for behavior like that: *Kwaardadigheverlating*, meaning, literally, "malevolent parting." Says Smith: "It isn't just a divorce. It means you leave someone with the intention of destroying them. You become an enemy."

Smith, 59, is by now fairly well accustomed to being treated as an enemy. No Pretoria parish in the Dutch Reformed Church has invited him to speak since he went to Mamelodi. People he thought were friends have turned away. There are telephone calls in the night. "Now that you're living with the Kaffirs," said one caller, "when we come to shoot them, we'll shoot you too."

Last year Smith's niece heard two men talking about him in her office. One said Smith "should be stopped." The other asked the first what he would do if he suddenly met Smith. "I'd take out my gun and shoot him," the first man said. "And they are Christians." Smith observes wryly after recounting this story: "Do you know that 78% of the people in this country are Christians?"

There are times when the national sickness of racial hostility becomes almost unbearable. One night Smith heard the roar of cars racing past his house, the squeal of tires, then the rattle of gunfire and an explosion. Sometime

later the phone rang, and the black woman on the line sounded on the edge of hysteria. She and her husband were known as anti-apartheid activists. Their house had just been fire-bombed, and two of her sister's children had been badly burned.

After trying to comfort the woman on the phone, Smith began calling elsewhere to get help, then went to visit the charred wreckage of the house. Somebody had thrown a whiskey bottle full of gasoline into the living room. Another bottle landed in the tiny bedroom where the nine-year-old girl and six-year-old boy lay sleeping with others. One of them was splashed from head to foot. "Her panties were burned into her flesh," said their aunt, Nomsameli Molefe, her own burned arm in a bandage. "The other child caught it mostly in the face."

"I can only ask, 'O God, what are these people doing to us, to innocent children, to themselves?'" Smith said to the woman and a crowd of angry neighbors. "And I can only assure you that even though these things happen, you do have friends amongst us. God's children who are here as peacemakers. And we must continue to strive for peace and freedom and justice for all people in this troubled country."

Molefe had not bothered to call the police. "They know about it already," she said. "Why should we give them the satisfaction of hearing from us how much we are affected about it?"

"Why did she call Nico Smith?" somebody asked.

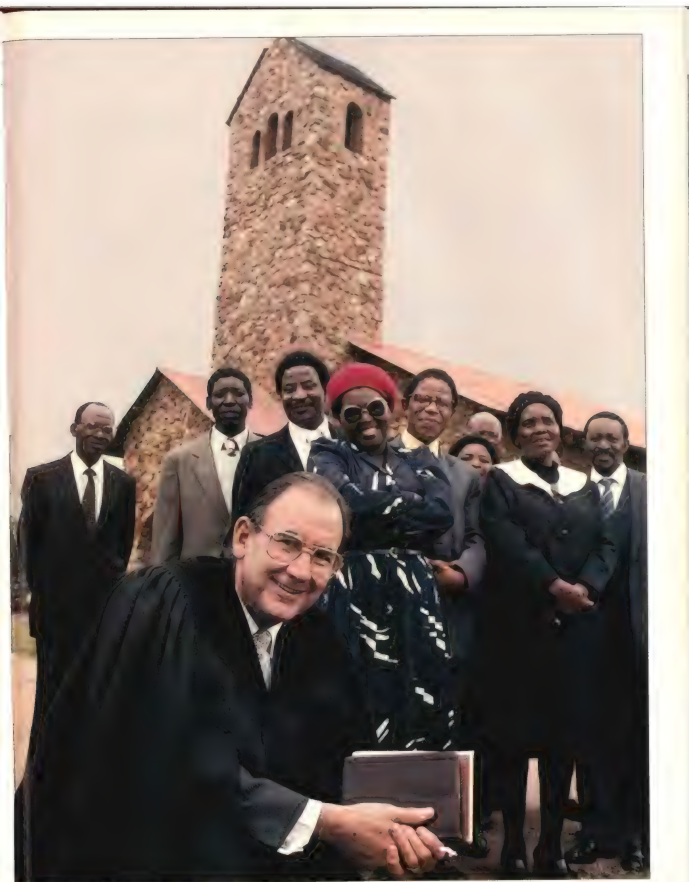
"Because he cares," she said.

Nicolaas Jacobus Smith was not born to a life of abnegation. He was born into the ruling class, in 1929, a descendant of Danish settlers who arrived in Capetown in 1795. His father, a school principal in the Orange Free State, was an elder in the Dutch Reformed Church. He believed, and taught his twelve children to believe, the church's then teaching that God meant blacks and whites to live separately, as servants and masters.

Smith remembers how the family servants lived in one-room shacks outside the main house, and how their plates and spoons were kept on a special shelf under the kitchen sink, and how, if the children happened to touch one of those utensils, they had to wash their hands with soap and water. Blacks were not really considered to be human beings. "They were merely implements," Smith says, "and to many, many whites, they are implements to this day."

Smith's aunt, his father's older sister, lived on until a few years ago and never lost her belief in the traditional faith. On her deathbed, at the age of 92, she summed it up in one sentence. "She was weak and dying, but her mind was still clear," Smith recalls. "She raised her frail old hand and laid it over mine. 'Nico,' she said, 'remember, this is pure blood.'"

Young Nico shared his family's beliefs. He was 19 when Daniel Malan and his Afrikaner Nationalists swept to power in 1948, and he took to the streets to help celebrate the promised coming of apartheid. He fulfilled his family's ambitions for him: seven years of theological training at Pretoria University, two white congregations in the Transvaal, marriage to a young doctor (their three daughters are now grown), seven years of missionary work in the black "homeland" of Venda (where he became acutely conscious that white and black clergy not only lived apart but also ate at different tables), three years of staff work at church headquarters in Pretoria, and then the appointment to the university in Stellenbosch. While in Pretoria he was honored with an invitation to join the Broederbond, the se-



Profile

cret brotherhood that unites the ruling caste of Afrikanerdom and has long provided the country with a kind of inner government. Of his ten-year membership, Smith now says, "I am thankful that God gave me an opportunity to discover what was going on in the hearts and minds of Afrikaners."

It was the eminent Swiss theologian Karl Barth, however, who gave Smith an opportunity to discover what was going on in his own heart and mind. Smith met Barth on a visit to Europe in 1963, and Barth asked him something very fundamental: "Are you free to preach the truths of the Gospel in South Africa?"

"Barth asked me the question three times, almost as Jesus Christ asks Peter, 'Do you love me?'" Smith recalls. "I found that I could not really answer the question truthfully. I thought I was free, and yet I was not sure."

His membership in the Broederbond finally showed him the answer. "I had to conform," he recalls. "I had to toe the line." When he finally quit, "it was almost like committing social suicide. There were people who suddenly stopped being my friends." In his lectures at Stellenbosch, Smith began challenging the church's support of apartheid. Afrikaner students accused him of preaching integration. "Teach theory, not conclusions," his superiors warned him. When Smith joined in public protests against the government's bulldozing of squatter shacks in Capetown, he was called before a church commission to justify his action. It was then that he got the call to Mamelodi.

The name means "place of melody" because a brook runs through the center of town, but there is nothing very melodious there. The government began building the township in the late '40s as a sort of dormitory-warehouse for black workers needed in Pretoria. The standard houses are four-bedroom huts, each with an outside water faucet next to the outdoor privy. For years the people shipped to Mamelodi were forbidden to own their homes or make improvements. That was supposed to make them look forward to eventual relocation to remote tribal homelands. Recently, the government has relaxed those restrictions; houses are being improved and a few streets paved.

Smith's house is relatively comfortable, a book-filled two-story cottage under a geodesic dome. Smith serves not only as pastor but also as school principal, ombudsman and civic planner. How, he prods a meeting of neighborhood residents, can we get more water pipes extended into the houses? When he walks his rounds through the back streets of Mamelodi, youngsters playing soccer call out the one word that is both recognition and greeting: "Smith! Smith!"

In an effort to spread his idea of community, Smith got 200 other whites to come to Mamelodi last March and spend four days living with black families. That too was regarded by traditionalists as a threat. There was talk that white youths might invade the township and attack the visitors. Smith regarded the possibility calmly. "Some people say they may beat us up. Maybe, for the sake of justice, whites must experience what it means to be beaten up." The sense of sin to be expiated

is never far from Smith's mind. "When I walk around the township," he says, "I can only cry, 'My God, what have we done to these people? What are generations after us going to say? That they don't take up a stick or an iron and knock down every white man they come across is to me still a miracle.'"

Smith keeps encountering that miracle on his pastoral wanderings. A septuagenarian lay preacher named Peter Mabuza, for example, welcomes him to his tiny township house and offers Coca-Cola and cookies, along with jocular tales of his youth, when his "baas" thrashed him for sitting on the bed of the baas' son while he helped the boy with his homework. "He thrashed me again," Mabuza goes on, "when he caught me riding his son's bicycle instead of pushing it back from the railroad station."

"So how can whites and blacks get together in this country when there are people like that?" Smith wonders.

Says Mabuza: "Black people just got to pray more."

"There goes the colonized mentality of the older generation," Smith remarks as he leaves. "But 65% of the people here in Mamelodi are under the age of 18, and they aren't colonized. They're the decolonized generation who want the whites to answer for their sins."

Smith encounters plenty of the decolonized too, not only on the streets of Mamelodi but also in the supreme court building in Pretoria, where 19 of them have been on trial for "treason" for the past four years. Charges against them range from terrorist activities to subversion and murder. "I'm sorry, but you cannot enter without a jacket," the black policeman says as he bars Smith at the entrance to the court. It is such a sweltering mid-February day that Smith has risked being

"WHEN I WALK AROUND THE TOWNSHIP, I CAN only cry, 'My God, what have we done to these people? What are generations after us going to say?'"

in shirt-sleeves.

"Can't I borrow a jacket from someone?" Smith asks.

The policeman disappears inside for a few minutes, then returns with a smiling black woman who is carrying a jacket. It is tight across the shoulders and the arms are too short, but Smith puts it on anyway, and the policeman lets him in. Several of the shirt-sleeved defendants wave a welcome to Smith, and the testimony drones on.

Smith sits listening in his borrowed jacket, thinking that this trial represents the wrong way. "I believe in a theology of resistance," he says. "People will have to be taught by the church to resist the injustice, the evil structures and the negative attitudes toward blacks. They will have to realize that they are responsible to God to resist all forms of evil in their midst."

At the luncheon adjournment, Smith gets up and walks toward the dock to talk with some of the prisoners.

"Can I have my jacket back now, Dr. Smith?" asks one of the defendants.

"Sure," says Smith. "You'd better check the pockets."

The defendants laugh. Nicco Smith is almost one of them—not exactly, but almost.

Reported by Peter Hawthorne/Mamelodi

—By Otto Friedrich.

Religion

The Archbishop Calls It Quits

Ultra-traditionalists plan the first Catholic schism in a century

Soft-spoken but stubborn, French Archbishop Marcel Lefebvre has long been a thorn in Rome's side. After founding an ultra-traditionalist seminary in the bucolic Swiss hamlet of Ecône in 1970, he began proclaiming that the modernized church policies of the Second Vatican Council (1962-65) were heretical abominations. Dismayed, the Holy See ordered him not to ordain any of his seminarians. When he defiantly went ahead and did so in 1976, Pope Paul VI forbade the Archbishop to administer the sacraments. He ignored that injunction as well.

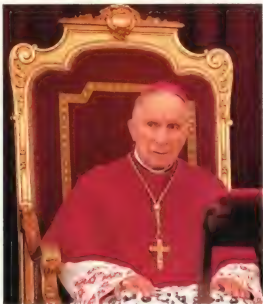
It thus seemed a diplomatic miracle when, on May 5, Lefebvre signed a protocol with the Vatican specifying the terms for a reconciliation. But the Archbishop had second thoughts as he reflected upon the carefully crafted deal—and listened to the advice of his more conservative followers. Last week the agreement fell through, threatening what to Rome is that most frightful of events: schism.

At a press conference at his headquarters in Ecône, Lefebvre, 82, declared that further negotiations with the Vatican were impossible because Rome lacked "good faith." He then announced that he would consecrate four of his disciples as bishops on June 30. Since Roman Catholic canon law requires papal authorization to create new bishops, the step would automatically excommunicate Lefebvre and his newly minted prelates. By making possible the perpetuation of a sect with its own hierarchy, the consecration of illicit bishops would produce the first schism since the 1870s, when the Old Catholics rebelled against the First Vatican Council's proclamation of papal infallibility.

"Excommunicated by whom?" scoffed Lefebvre at his press conference, as his seminarians gazed on admiringly. "By modernists, by people who should themselves be publicly excommunicated. It has no value." The bishops-to-be are two administrators of Lefebvre's Priestly Society of St. Pius X, the French Bernard Tissier de Mallerais and the Swiss Bernard Fellay; Richard Williamson, the head of Lefebvre's U.S. branch and a convert from Anglicanism; and Argentina's Alfonso de Galarreta. Both Fellay and Galarreta are also under the canonical age requirement of 35 for bishops.

Pope John Paul II had long been eager to end the rebellion because, though small, it still threatened the unity of Catholicism.

Weeks after becoming Pope in 1978, he granted Lefebvre's request for an audience (their only meeting) and repeatedly expressed his desire for peace. Lefebvre also seemed eager to heal the breach during his lifetime. After an extended fact-finding tour of Lefebvre's religious houses last year at the Pope's request, Canadian Edouard Cardinal Gagnon, a Vatican official highly sympathetic to traditionalists, sent John



Lefebvre presiding at Mass this month in his Swiss seminary

"I need a successor so my seminarians will not be orphans."

Paul a favorable report, typing it himself to keep the recommendations confidential. Lefebvre then put the pressure on, threatening for the first time to ensure his movement's future by naming schismatic bishops. The Pope directed Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger, the Vatican's doctrinal overseer, to do everything possible to find a solution.

The resulting May 5 protocol between Lefebvre and Ratzinger provoked protests from bishops in the U.S., France, Germany and Switzerland who opposed any concessions to the Archbishop. The pact granted Lefebvre's society official recognition and semi-independence from other bishops. Lefebvre could consecrate one follower as a bishop, subject to papal approval. In return, the Archbishop recognized the legitimacy of Vatican II, with leeway to give council decrees a traditionalist interpretation, and accepted the full authority of the Roman Pontiff. His society was permitted to continue to celebrate

the Latin Tridentine Mass, all but abandoned by the church in 1969 in favor of a new rite with Masses in the vernacular (though it is now permitted in special situations). The differences over ecumenism and freedom of conscience were to be thrashed out by a panel of two Lefebvre followers and seven Vatican delegates.

The Lefebvre camp reports that Rome later rejected the Archbishop's four choices for new bishops, though the Vatican says it did promise to name one of his followers. The pact finally broke down because Lefebvre, aged and ailing, suspected that Rome would stall on a new bishop until his death. "I feel the end coming, and I need a successor so my seminarians will not be orphans," he explained. At a last-ditch meeting, Ratzinger pledged that the Pope would ram the bishop's appointment through the Vatican by Aug. 15, an unprecedented speedup. But Lefebvre insisted on creating new bishops on June 30. John Paul personally wrote to Lefebvre on June 9: "I exhort you, Venerable Brother, to renounce your project."

Lefebvre, anything but a troublemaker earlier in his career, devoted three decades to mission work in Africa and eventually became an Archbishop in Senegal and head of a diocese in France. His maverick tendencies first emerged in 1968, when he resigned his post as head of the Holy Ghost Fathers in protest against the reforms decreed by Vatican II. He then launched his society and its Swiss seminary.

The society has established other old-school seminaries in France, West Germany, Argentina, Australia and Ridgefield, Conn. The domain also includes about 100 religious houses on five continents. The Archbishop has ordained 205 priests and expects to add the 280 students now attending his seminaries. Lefebvre says that his financial backing comes from "little people" in the U.S., France, Germany and Switzerland. He has at least 10,000 lay followers.

Lefebvre's opinion of the church he leaves behind is bleak. "The seminaries are empty," he says. "There is a loss of vocations. Immorality is rampant. There is a loss of faith in general. It is a tragic situation." Officially the Vatican expressed "deep sorrow" over last week's development. In private, a senior official in the Curia observed wearily that under the failed pact, "the man and the movement would have been formally inside the church" but "mentally outside the church. It would have been a reconciliation on paper only." Now even the paper is gone.

—By Richard M. Ostling, Reported by Cathy Booth/Rome and Adam Zagorin/Ecône

Ethics

Not in My Backyard, You Don't

Too often, that's the answer to a community in need

Call it the NIMBY syndrome. It is happening in New York City, where middle-class homeowners are on trial on charges of setting fire to a foster home for infants. In tiny Louisa, Ky., it is the battle cry against a proposed hazardous-waste incinerator. It has cropped up in Berkeley, where residents banded together to keep out a drop-in center for the emotionally disturbed. The acronym stands for "not in my backyard," and it symbolizes a perverse form of antisocial activism. "Everybody says, 'Take care of the homeless, take care of the boarder babies,'" says New York City Mayor Edward Koch. "But when you need a facility, they say, 'Not in my backyard.'"

Such problems are growing because there are more homeless, more AIDS victims, more drug addicts, more prisoners, more garbage, more toxic waste. The result is budget-busting pressure for more services that many people do not want in their vicinity. But beyond the fiscal debate, there is a painful ethical dilemma for many communities: Who should bear the burden of the common good? As often as not, neighborhoods are rising up to resist responsibility, and in some cases are turning to violence. "Too often we assume that the human being can achieve a good life without attending to the collective good," says Dr. Willard Gaylin, head of the Hastings Center for ethics in Birlanville, N.Y.

In April 1987 the tranquility of Gladwin Avenue, in the Queens section of New York City, was shattered when a fire erupted in a two-story house that the city had rented to use as a foster home. Today five respected citizens who live on the block each face up to 25 years in prison if they are convicted of arson. "These are nice middle-class people, not hoodlums," says Defense Lawyer Jacob Evseroff.

Gladwin Avenue is white. The foster children and the workers who care for them are black. Local residents, many of whom joined in a lawsuit against the home, fretted about falling property values: others argued that the babies' visiting relatives might commit crimes. "They don't belong here," says Mary Meyer, a retired waitress. "The city pushed this down our throats." That sense of alien-



Neighbors protesting a proposed drug rehabilitation project in Lakeview Terrace, Calif.

Can human beings achieve a good life without attending to the collective good?

ation was accentuated by the city's failure to hold public hearings or educate the neighborhood about its plans. "It's a racial issue, but it's also a political issue, an economic issue, a class issue and a fear issue," says R. Susan Motley, a city official.

The element of fear is understandable for families that have saved for years to buy a home. Who wants a garbage dump next door? Or wants to invite recovering drug addicts to walk their sidewalks? "Put it in Nancy Reagan's backyard!" was the shrill cry when neighbors demonstrated against a proposed drug treatment center in California's San Fernando Valley. While many worries may be unfounded, experts believe planners and politicians must address the emotions people develop in such situations. Perry Norton, an emeritus professor of urban planning at New York University, advocates tax abatements for homeowners who live near an undesirable public facility, or a guarantee on the resale value of their homes.

That may not be enough. Too often local governments fail to consult residents about new projects or do not respond to their complaints. In Van Nuys, a Los Angeles suburb, the state department of corrections quietly installed 54 inmates in a

work-furlough program housed in a former health club, leaving the building's sign—Aerobics and Nautilus Unlimited—intact. In Berkeley, after James Kelly repeatedly complained to city officials about the offensive behavior of homeless squatters next door, he finally got frustrated enough to take action: he allegedly lobbed Molotov cocktails at his obstreperous neighbors. Kelly, 47, a utility engineer with no previous criminal record, faces up to eight years in prison if convicted.

In 1985 the U.S. Supreme Court established a precedent in cases involving group homes for the mentally retarded by ruling that Cleburne, Texas (pop. 21,000), could not require a special permit for a home for 13 retarded men and women because of community opposition and "irrational prejudice." In recent years 37 states have passed laws removing zoning restrictions on group homes in single-family neighborhoods. That has not stopped people from torching homes for the mentally handicapped in middle-class cities such as Hewlett, N.Y., and Ventura, Calif. Even poor people do not necessarily want to live near their troubled brethren. In New York City's predominantly Hispanic East Harlem, a homeless shelter for 48

families was withdrawn in January after intense opposition.

Although racial and economic discrimination is hardly new, the scope of the current sentiment is alarming. Just as middle-class community groups have absorbed lessons in organizing from the civil rights movement, they seem to have turned inward. Their very sense of community, of wholeness, seems to derive from a homogeneity that can breed xenophobia. "Often communities that are the most cohesive are also hostile and fearful of outsiders," says University of Chicago Sociologist Richard Taub. "Community spirit says, 'Take care of your own.' The ethical challenge is to make people see that the world is their community."

Some argue that there is a difference between the dilemmas presented by a halfway house and a toxic-waste dump: one is a perceived social threat, the other more directly physical. But from an ethical point of view, there is little distinction, so long as society lawfully sanctions both treatment for drug abusers and manufacturing processes that create poisonous wastes. The problem remains: fewer and fewer communities acknowledge that they have any responsibility to share such common, unpleasant burdens. "The ultimate issue of community is, What do we owe other people?" says Dan Lewis, a Northwestern University urbanologist. "In our society, where individualism plays such an important role, we don't have a public ethic about what we owe others."

"We're paralyzed," says Frank Popper, chairman of urban studies at Rutgers University. "Nationwide, no one has been able to place a major hazardous-waste dump since 1980. No large metropolitan airport has been sited since 1961. The lack of locations for new prisons has caused such overcrowding that some cities have had to release convicted prisoners." Worse, the solutions to these conflicts have tended to be quick fixes. After years of squabbling, Congress finally chose Nevada as a site for nuclear-waste storage, mainly because the state wielded less political clout than the other two contenders, Texas and Washington.

In searching for remedies for the NIMBY syndrome, some innovative approaches have been tried. The New Jersey Supreme Court broke new ground in 1975 when it ruled that wealthy suburbs must share the burden of low-cost housing. In Arkansas officials have proposed that any county that refuses a prison should pay the state to house its criminals. In each instance, the principle of community responsibility for the greater good was paramount. "One of the few things we deprive our middle class of is the opportunity to serve," says Ethicist Gaylin. Whether the problem is a waste dump, a shelter for the homeless or an AIDS hospice, an equitable and beneficial solution, however imperfect, is likely to be one that the community has had a strong hand in shaping.

—By Margot Hornblower.

Reported by Andrea Sachs/New York and James Willwerth/Los Angeles



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People



In the bag: Mississippi-born Patrick Kelly buttons up the haute crowd in Paris with his tongue-in-chic designs

Paris has decided that it likes to wink and smile with **Patrick Kelly**, the Mississippi-born designer whose signature multicolored buttons and tongue-in-chic creations (tweed zippered motorcycle jackets and billiard ball-trimmed dresses) have enchanted **Princess Diana**, **Isabella Rossellini** and **Bette Davis**. Last week Kelly became the first American to be admitted to Paris' *Chambre Syndicale*, the pow-

erful, exclusive lobby and union of the French fashion industry. Kelly, who has known some rather dim financial prospects in the City of Lights, will now receive the association's support and be able to show his collections at the Louvre. And all this without speaking the language. Remarked Kelly: "My English is tough 'cause I'm from Mississippi, so you can imagine what my French is like." Say what?

Stalin once mocked the influence of the Vatican by asking, "The Pope! How many divisions does he have?" How times have changed. Last week an advance force from Rome cracked the Kremlin walls. During the celebration of the millennium of Christianity in the Soviet Union, **Agostino Cardinal Casaroli**, who is **Pope John Paul II's** Secretary of State, met with **Mikhail Gorbachev** and presented him with a three-page letter, written in Russian, from the Pontiff. Gorbachev, who was baptized and raised during World War II by devout Orthodox grandparents, read the entire missive on the spot and told Casaroli, resplendent in Cardinal's cassock and crimson zucchetto for the meeting, that he would give its request due consideration. On the flight back to Rome, Casaroli happily sipped wine and strapped Walkman earphones over his balding pate. He played Schubert—maybe the *Unfinished Symphony*.

It ain't heavy, it's my makeup. So might **Jeremy Irons** say of his getup in the forth-

coming film *A Chorus of Disapproval*. In *Chorus*, he is a nervous widower cast in an amateur production of *The Beggar's Opera*, complete with seedy costumes and dime-store greasepaint. Irons, whose roles



A greasepainted Irons



Kremlin crossroads: Cardinal Casaroli meets Gorbachev

Paul Newman is walking tall. In a Connecticut court this month to represent his salad-dressing company, Newman's Own, against a breach-of-contract suit filed by local Deli Owner **Julius Gold**, the actor was unpleasantly reminded of an old controversy. Newman, wrote Reporter **Paul Caplis** in the *Westport News*, is "5 ft. 8 in. in heels." Said Caplis: "People



Newman's eyes have it

expect him to be 6 ft. 3 in., then they see him and are disappointed." In a quarrel with the *New York Post* two years ago, the actor asserted he was taller than 5 ft. 8 in., though he never divulged his height. Outside the courthouse, Newman spat out angry words at Caplis, who was covering the trial. Under Newman's intensely blue glare, Caplis appears to have changed his mind. "He must be 5 ft. 10 in.," said the suddenly cautious reporter. If Newman has the same effect at the trial, which should go to the jury this week, he'll soon be 10 ft. tall.

If **Don Johnson** and **Bruce Willis** can do it, why not **Dennis Quaid**? The heartthrob of *The Big Easy* and *D.O.A.* wants a music career—and it isn't going to be quite like Johnson's and Willis'. "Some actors go into a studio and bring in guest artists," said Quaid, 34, who has formed a Louisiana-style band called the Eclectics. "We are playing small places to get our sound together." Quaid

says he may just have to put movies on hold for a year. Isn't that a big risk? Not to Quaid: "If **Robert Redford** and **Debra Winger** can do it..."

Everybody loves a winner, but a winner doesn't have to love everybody. "He bites if he can," says **Louie Roussel III** of his three-year-old champ **Risen Star**. "He likes his groom to bring him his feed—and get out." Tantrums are tolerable from the horse who won the

Belmont in 2:26 1/4 and by 14 1/2 lengths, a record second only to that of his famous sire, **Secretariat**. Roussel, however, isn't ascribing success to heredity. The horse, whose name combines the Star of Bethlehem and the risen Christ, figures in the prayers of the Ursuline nuns and the Little Sisters of the Poor in New Orleans, who share the \$1.3 million winnings. Says Roussel: "I attribute everything to the power of prayer." Risen Star isn't likely to say "Neigh."

Ever since **James Joyce** committed the 800 pages of *Ulysses* to the events in the lives of Leopold and Molly Bloom on June 16, 1904, Joy-



No Springsteen in Phillips' step

ceans have celebrated the date as Bloomsday. Last week, however, Bloomsday may have been doomsday for the celebrated "Corrected Text" of the novel published in 1986 by Random House. **John Kidd**, a scholar at the University of Virginia, charged that the edi-

tion had multiplied the errors that have plagued the masterpiece since its publication in 1922. Among the gaffes are misspellings that break up chains of allusion, and the reinsertion of a passage on love cut out by Joyce. Random House is considering a recall. As for Kidd, he is coming out with his own *Ulysses* in November.

The rumor had been circulating for weeks: **Bruce Springsteen** and his wife of three years **Julianne Phillips** were separated. But with the Boss on tour in Europe and Phillips busy promoting her movie *Sweet Lies*, co-starring **Treat Williams** and **Joanna Pacula**, the only confirmations of a split came from shadowy, unnamed sources. Last week Phillips broke her silence about her marriage. "Basically, we're separated," she told *TIME*, her voice faltering. "We have no further plans beyond that. It's an unfortunate situation. Everybody goes into a relationship believing it's forever and ever." As for the talk of disagreements over children and her budding film career, she says, "Hogwash. Both of us have said we want kids, and it's only since I've been on my own that I've got these movie roles. People make up rumors for their own purposes."

By **Howard G. Chao-Egan**
Reported by **Kathleen Brady**/
New York



Taking risks for a new career: Dennis Quaid and his band the Eclectics

Tobacco's First Loss

A landmark verdict is likely to spawn many more suits against the industry

Rose Cipollone was intensely stubborn, especially about her cigarette habit. The New Jersey housewife often ordered groceries she did not need just to get a fresh pack of smokes delivered. She ignored her husband and children when they started urging her to quit in the early 1950s, waving them away when they showed her magazine articles with headlines like **CANCER BY THE CARTON**. She did make the concession of switching in 1955 from Chesterfield straights to L&M filters, which were advertised at the time as "just what the doctor ordered." But Cipollone kept on smoking even after developing a malignant tumor that forced surgeons to remove part of her right lung in 1981. She continued sneaking puffs after the entire lung was taken out in 1982, and finally quit about a year before her death from cancer, at 58, in 1984.

Yet Cipollone's name will not be lost among the cancer statistics, because as a final gesture, she turned her stubbornness against the tobacco companies that sold her the cigarettes. She and her husband Tony filed a liability claim, which she made him promise to pursue after her death, though no one had ever won such a case against a cigarette maker. Last week the five-year-old lawsuit made history when a six-member federal jury in Newark ordered the Liggett Group, maker of the Chesterfield and L&M brands, to pay Tony Cipollone \$400,000 in compensatory damages for its contribution to his wife's death. Of more than 300 lawsuits filed against tobacco companies since 1954, this case was the first in which the defendant was held at least partly liable or ordered to pay damages. "The myth of the tobacco industry's invincibility has been shattered once and for all," declared Alan Darnell, an attorney for Cipollone.

Anti-tobacco forces celebrated the verdict as a break-

through. John Banzhaf, a law professor at George Washington University who heads the Action on Smoking and Health group, called the decision the "most important legal development involving tobacco since the cigarette companies were forced off television [in 1971]." Product-liability experts predicted that the case would provide a boost in confidence and a how-to manual for the plaintiffs in 110 similar cases now being pursued in the U.S. Before long, the verdict could prompt fresh lawsuits as well, since cigarette foes like Banzhaf estimate that smoking contributes to the premature deaths of some 350,000 Americans each year.

Even so, the tobacco industry (1987 revenues: \$32 billion) was claiming victory just as loudly. Said Hamish Maxwell, chairman of Philip Morris, the industry leader: "There's nothing about the verdict that indicates there's been a break in the dike. One case does not make a trend." The Cipollone case was considered the strongest ever brought against the industry, yet the jury agreed with only a small portion of the plaintiffs' broad allegations. Two of the three cigarette manufacturers charged in the case, Lorillard and Philip Morris, which produced brands that Ci-

pollone smoked later in her life, were exonerated from any liability. Nor did the jury find any of the companies guilty of the most serious accusations: fraud and conspiracy to hide the hazards of smoking from the public. Those transgressions might have produced damage awards running into the millions of dollars.

The jury agreed only that the Liggett Group, based in Durham, N.C., through its advertisements falsely gave Cipollone a so-called express warranty that its products were safe—at a time when the company knew full well that medical research was suggesting otherwise. The jury could apply that finding only to the brands she smoked before 1966, the point at which the Government began requiring cautionary labels on cigarette packages. Reason: federal appeals courts have deemed those notices to be sufficient public warning to absolve tobacco companies from liability. Thus the era before 1966 may turn out to be the tobacco industry's vulnerable spot.

The lawyers who won last week's case, however, took home no profits for their law firms. Led by New Jersey Attorney Marc Edell, 37, they spent more than \$2 million in pressing the lawsuit. Said Donald Cohn, lead lawyer for Liggett's



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Roseland Russell says "L&M Filters are Just What the Doctor Ordered!"

L&M FILTER TIP
Cigarettes

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The industry's promotional style during the early 1950s: L&M and Chesterfield ads that were exhibits in the trial, and other campaigns for competing brands

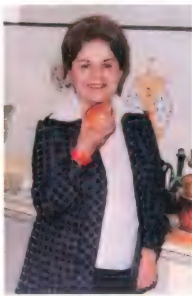
"The doctors couldn't get her to stop. Her husband couldn't get her to stop. She wasn't going to take orders from anybody."

—DONALD COHN,
ATTORNEY FOR THE LIGGETT GROUP

team: "This was not a successful financial endeavor. No lawyer will want to spend what Edell spent for the verdict he was awarded." But the expenses were vastly greater for the defense, which laid out an estimated \$75 million or more on the case and fielded as many as three dozen lawyers, an army that the Cipollone team, outnumbered 8 to 1, called a "wall of flesh." Said Edell: "They try to wear you down and exhaust your resources."

The anti-tobacco forces hope that Edell's trailblazing effort will sharply reduce the cost of litigation for future tobacco lawsuits. This is because, in attempting to prove an industry conspiracy, Edell had to go through a 4½-year discovery process in which he forced the defendants to produce more than 100,000 internal documents, many relating to health research, of which he entered 300 pieces as evidence. Says Ban/haf: "Future lawyers will only have to spend a couple of thousand dollars rather than a couple of million during the discovery process. They will no longer have to beat a new path."

The memos and reports used in the case by Edell establish that tobacco-company executives were aware in the early 1940s that medical researchers were link-



The New Jersey housewife, circa 1979

ing smoking to cancer, a connection the industry still denies. A 1961 report produced by Philip Morris listed the specific cancer-causing ingredients in cigarette smoke, concluding, "Carcinogens are found in practically every class of compounds in smoke." Another study, prepared the same year by the Arthur D. Little consulting firm for Liggett, stated, "There are biologically active materials present in cigarette tobacco that are (a) cancer causing (b) cancer promoting (c) poisonous (d) stimulating, pleasurable, and flavorful."

Even more provocative were the so-called mouse-painting papers, describing experiments in which Liggett scientists

"Rose Cipollone had the upper lobe of her lung cut out. She still continued to smoke. Doesn't that suggest some kind of a dependence?"

—MARC FDELL,
ATTORNEY FOR THE CIPOLLONES

swabbed a tobacco condensate on the backs of mice. Liggett acknowledges that some of the rodents grew tumors and died but denies finding any conclusive pattern. The cigarette makers dispute the importance of the Cipollone team's trove of uncovered documents, pointing out that the prosecution lawyers failed to prove their conspiracy charge. Says James Kearney, an attorney for Liggett: "The documents were overhyped and taken out of context to begin with."

In fact, the most persuasive exhibits in the case were no secret at all: magazine ads that the tobacco companies published in the 1950s and '60s. Among them were ads that appeared in 1954 issues of *LIFE*, in which such Hollywood stars as Barbara Stanwyck and Rosalind Russell gave testimonials for L&M's new "miracle product," the "alpha cellulose" filter that is "just what the doctor ordered." Several other brands made similar claims at the time in response to increasing nervousness about smoking and health. R.J. Reynolds said, "More doctors smoke Camels than any other cigarette."

Cipollone chose L&M, she explained before her death, partly because of the testimonials by celebrities in the company's ads. Said she: "I remember they used to be so glamorous. They always used to wear evening gowns." Defense lawyers sought to establish that Cipollone was an intelligent woman who made a decision to keep smoking despite plenty of signs that it was risky. As evidence, they introduced 115 articles from *TIME*, 47 articles from *Reader's Digest* and even lyrics from popular songs like the 1947 hit *Smoke, Smoke, Smoke*, which included the words "Puff, puff, and if you smoke yourself to death."

What was difficult for Cipollone's lawyers to prove was that she was helplessly addicted. They contended that her failure to quit despite her encroaching cancer was dramatic evidence of her inability to shake the habit. The defense argued that she could have given it up sooner had she really tried, as millions of other smokers have managed to do. The jury

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Answer: A The author's main point is that the current system of patenting pharmaceuticals is flawed. The author argues that the current system allows pharmaceutical companies to charge high prices for drugs that are not truly innovative. The author suggests that a new system of patenting should be implemented that would reward companies for truly innovative drugs while preventing them from charging high prices for drugs that are not truly innovative.

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Dr. David Thomas Young

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apparently not fully persuaded of her determination to quit, decided the responsibility for her illness was 20% the cigarette maker's and 80% her own. Since New Jersey law says that product-liability awards can be given only if the defendant is at least 50% to blame, Cipollone's estate received no award, even though her husband won the \$400,000, which the defense lawyers accuse the jury of handing out as an inappropriate gesture of sympathy. Still, anti-tobacco lawyers think victims and their estates will have an easier time winning awards in other states where the proof-of-liability threshold is far lower. Mississippi's, for example, is just 1%.

Liggett plans to appeal the Cipollone verdict, contending among other things that the presiding federal judge, H. Lee Sarokin, was biased against the defendants. Says Arthur Stevens, Lorillard's general counsel: "We could not have had a more extreme adversary." In denying one of the tobacco industry's motions for dismissal of the case, Sarokin stated that he believed there was ample evidence of a "tobacco-industry conspiracy, vast in its scope, devious in its purpose and devastating in its results."

Even if the Cipollone verdict stands and inspires similar cases, the cigarette industry is not about to start settling lawsuits out of court or to back out of the busi-



After the verdict, Cipollone exults outside the Newark courthouse.
"I promised her I would finish it. I kept my word."

ness. While the six major U.S. tobacco makers have diversified into products ranging from beer to biscuits, their profits from cigarettes are as robust as ever. The industry is expected to have operating earnings of \$6.4 billion this year, up from \$5.2 billion in 1986. The number of cigarettes smoked by Americans has steadily declined, from 640 billion in 1981 to 565 billion last year, but the companies have more than compensated by raising prices: the average cost of a pack today is \$1.24, compared with 66¢ in 1981. At the same time, the producers have increased sales abroad, especially in Asia and Africa.

Tobacco's profitability gives the industry large resources for fighting lawsuits. Estimates of what cigarette manufacturers have spent on defense in recent years range from \$600 million to \$3 billion. According to calculations by Marc Cohen, who follows the industry for the Sanford C. Bernstein investment firm, U.S. tobacco companies could lose 15,000 verdicts a year like Cipollone's and pay the total \$6 billion in damages simply by raising the price of cigarettes 25¢ a pack—even taking into account a 10% drop in business because of the price increase.

The biggest impact of the Cipollone verdict may be political rather than financial. Concedes Maxwell, the Philip Morris chairman: "The industry suffered some public relations damage during the trial. By describing the documents as secret, the plaintiffs made it sound as though we were doing something sinister or underhanded." The case could inspire Congress to enact new limits on tobacco—for example, an extension of a smoking ban to all domestic airline flights instead of just shorter hauls. Predicted Representative Robert Torricelli, a New Jersey Democrat: "The impact in Congress, state legislatures and town halls is going to be rather profound." If that is so, Cipollone's late-awakening rebellion against tobacco is likely to endure longer than she could have imagined.

—By Stephen Koepp

Reported by Thomas McCarroll/Newark

They Whistled and Won

Bill McKay and Harry Williams were company men and proud of it. Vice presidents at Ashland Oil, they had a combined 35 years of experience in the oil business. McKay earned \$150,000 a year and lived with his wife and two children in a handsome four-bedroom brick house in Russell, Ky., a quiet neighborhood less than a mile from company headquarters. Williams, who lived nearby, frequently traveled to New York City and Washington as Ashland's executive in charge of corporate lobbying. In 1983, however, the two men felt they had to blow the whistle on their employer: they told federal investigators that Ashland Oil had paid bribes to Middle Eastern government officials to obtain crude supplies. Before long, McKay and Williams were fired, and their comfortable lives began to come apart. Unable to find jobs in the industry, they filed suit in 1984 against Ashland, charging that they were unfairly dismissed merely for telling the truth.

Last week a federal jury in Covington, Ky., ordered Ashland to pay the former executives damages of \$69.5 million, which would amount to 52% of the company's fiscal 1987 earnings. McKay, 45, won \$44.6 million, while Williams, 47, was awarded \$24.9 million. McKay's judgment, which was higher because his salary at Ashland was larger than Williams', is one of the largest awards ever granted to an individual claimant. Ashland will appeal, and may be able to get

the damages reduced. Because the company will not have to pay anything until the appeals process is complete—something that could take years—the verdict should have no immediate financial effect.

The company's troubles began in 1979, when the U.S. Government embargoed oil from Iran. Since Ashland had depended on Iran for 25% of its crude supplies, the firm scrambled to find alternative sources. In so doing, the jury ruled, Ashland resorted to bribery: in 1980 and 1981, according to court records, the company paid \$49 million to government officials in Oman and Saudi Arabia and a government representative in Abu Dhabi to obtain oil. Ashland attorneys had argued that the payments were legal and were made to private consultants.

The four-year court battle has been hard on the whistle-blowers. Says McKay: "I would not urge anyone to subject their families to what I've had to do. If you stand up and insist on not going along with wrongdoing, you're going to have people try to crush you." Recalls Williams: "Ashland Oil had been my life. I felt fiercely loyal to the company, but I felt betrayed." Both men believe they were blacklisted by the petroleum industry after they left Ashland. The executives can hope, though, that their victory may bring about some change in corporate ethics. Says Thomas Dunfee, a professor of social responsibility at the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School, of the Covington judgment: "I think it's likely to give managers courage when they are asked to do something illegal."



All Eyes on the VDT

Is working at a computer terminal hazardous to your health?

A desk job is supposed to be safe. No one needs a hard hat to type a memo or protective goggles to shuffle paper. But as the work force migrates from the shop floor to the corporate cubicle, millions of people face what some think may be a new health hazard—the omnipresent video-display terminal, or VDT. Basing their charges on a scattershot array of scientific data, union leaders claim that prolonged work in front of a computer screen can impair vision and cause headaches. Some critics say the work may even trigger miscarriages. The unions' campaign to win mandatory VDT safeguards shows every sign of becoming one of organized labor's more determined efforts of the post-industrial age. Some 19 million

mentum to pursue the same remedy in the rest of New York, the U.S. and Canada."

Since the introduction of VDTs in the 1960s, there have been worker complaints of eyestrain, headaches, stiff necks and sore wrists. A California city worker says that after entering data into a VDT for six months, seven hours a shift, she developed migraines, temporary blindness and shoulder pains. "A lot of people don't take it seriously," she contends. "They think it's a lot of hypochondriac women complaining all the time. Those are people who don't work with computers all day." Researchers believe that some of the visual problems stem from too much glare on the screen, which can be alleviated with filters and indirect lighting.



Visual labor: tolling at the terminals in the Houston Data Center

"More time and money have been spent denying there's a problem than dealing with it."

people, most of them women, currently work at VDTs in the U.S., a number that will more than double by the mid-1990s.

The nascent union cause scored a victory last week when legislators in Suffolk County, N.Y., enacted the first law in the U.S. to regulate VDT use in the workplace. The ordinance applies to businesses that operate more than 20 VDTs and mandates a 15-minute break every three hours for workers who use the terminals more than 26 hours a week. Employers must contribute 80% of the cost of eyeglasses and yearly eye exams; by 1990, adjustable chairs and nonglare screens will be compulsory for all new equipment.

Although business leaders decried the Suffolk ruling as misguided, at least 30 states are contemplating similar measures. Says Jan Pierce, vice president of the Communications Workers of America: "We now have some badly needed mo-

More alarming was a June report of a survey of 1,600 women who had become pregnant since 1984. Researchers from the Kaiser-Permanente Medical Care Program in Oakland found that expectant mothers who spent 20 or more hours a week at terminals were twice as likely to suffer a miscarriage during the first trimester as non-VDT users. The difference in birth defects was not statistically significant, however. Job-related stress and poor working conditions cannot be ruled out as factors, cautions the study's director, Dr. Edmund Van Brunt, but he believes his research indicates an association between VDT use and miscarriage.

For the Suffolk County legislature, the correlation proved decisive. Said Michael D'Andre, a Republican who switched his vote to support the bill after hearing about the Kaiser-Permanente study. "That was the real clincher for me. Would you gam-

ble with your child?" Even so, the law almost did not pass. When legislators first approved the bill last May, several businesses, including highly computerized New York Telephone and Northwest Airlines, threatened to relocate out of the county or limit expansion. As a result, County Executive Patrick Halpin, a one-time supporter of the measure, vetoed it. Last week, the legislators overrode his decision by a vote of 13 to 5.

Efforts to pass similar legislation in California, Connecticut and other states have met unblinking resistance from business interests. Companies that have provided workers with VDT basics like more comfortable chairs and detachable keyboards and have introduced voluntary safety standards resent government intrusion. Memphis-based Federal Express started dealing with issues of computer-screen safety and comfort as far back as 1983. The company has since installed state-of-the-art workstations and provided 100% coverage of vision care.

While taking precautions, firms emphasize the paucity of conclusive studies. "We see no medical evidence that indicates that VDTs are actually harmful to employees," says a spokesman for New York Telephone. Concurrs J. Donald Millar, director of the National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health: "The VDT revolution has produced impressively few problems" for worker safety.

Such reasoning does not impress union leaders. "More time and money have been spent denying there's a problem than dealing with it," says Deborah Meyer, associate director for 9 to 5, National Association of Working Women. Labor and management in California agree on most of the remedies, according to Laura Stock of the Labor Occupational Health Program at the University of California, Berkeley. "The argument," she says, "seems to be about who has ultimate control of the workplace."

Computer manufacturers have responded to health concerns by shielding their products against radiation leakage and introducing tiltable models with anti-glare features. "When you look at the recommendations for how the screens should be designed, you find that most of the newer computer models already have the improvements," Stock says. "The problem is that many of the VDTs that are being used in the workplace have been around for ten or 15 years."

As VDT laws proliferate, corporate naysayers may be pleasantly surprised. Studies suggest that redesigning workstations to make them easier on backs, wrists and eyes can increase productivity up to 30%. Says Marvin Dainoff, professor of psychology at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio: "If you provide people with the proper tools, they're going to be more efficient." In that sense, what is good for the worker may prove even better for the boss.

—By Christine Gorman.
Reported by Elaine Lafferty/Los Angeles and Janice C. Simpson/New York

All fiber is not created equal.

You've probably heard a lot about the benefits of fiber. But did you know all fiber is not the same?

There are two types of fiber: soluble and insoluble. Both are essential to good health. Both provide bulk in the lower intestines to promote regularity. But today, medical researchers are interested in the additional health benefits of *soluble fiber*.

Unlike insoluble fiber, which works primarily in your lower intestine, soluble fiber begins working in your stomach and continues to work *throughout* your digestive system. So it has a more beneficial impact on the digestive system.

So where can you find a superior source of soluble fiber? Metamucil.



Ounce for ounce, Metamucil's psyllium contains 5 times more soluble fiber than wheat or oat bran.

Metamucil is made from a seed grain called psyllium that is especially rich in this important soluble fiber. Metamucil's psyllium fiber is 80% soluble compared to less than 15% soluble for oat and wheat bran on a per ounce basis.

Taken daily as "fiber therapy," Metamucil is a safe, natural way to maintain regularity. And regularity is important to your health.

A healthy diet includes a wide variety of high-fiber foods. You can and should try to include more fiber of *all kinds* in your diet.

But if you want to find out more about the health benefits of soluble fiber, why not ask your doctor about Metamucil. More doctors recommend Metamucil than any other product of its kind.

Natural Soluble Fiber Metamucil.

It can make a daily difference in your health.



Business Notes



THE UNEXPECTED The Hunts' limo



AGRICULTURE Pig races at the World Pork Expo



TREASURE Fisher at Christie's

Sheiks Who Wear the Star

Long the world's leading exporter of crude, Saudi Arabia now wants more of the profits its oil generates—from the ground to the gas tank. The Saudi government has agreed to pay \$1.2 billion for a 50% interest in Texaco's refining and marketing operations in 23 U.S. states, mostly in the East. If the deal is approved by both governments and Texaco's shareholders, it would represent the largest Arab investment in the U.S. oil industry.

The Saudi money would reduce Texaco's \$10.4 billion debt and perhaps help ward off a takeover by Carl Icahn. In fact, the proposed pact was made public the day before Texaco stockholders met to vote on Icahn's bid to win five seats on its 14-member board, a crucial step toward a takeover. Counting of the ballots will not be finished for several weeks, but Icahn says he would not mind sharing Texaco with the Saudis.

STOCK MARKETS

Another Crash At the Bourse

In the U.S. memories of the October stock crash are fading, but in France aftershocks are still rumbling through the Par-

is. Bourse. Investors were stunned by last week's revelation that \$85 million of the \$255 million in the reserve fund of the Association of French Stock Exchanges, a stockbrokers' group, had been gambled away on speculative investments. In the wake of the scandal, the president of the association, Xavier Dupont, and one of his top deputies, Philippe Cosserrat, resigned.

Under its new president, Régis Rousselet, the organization imposed a \$170 million levy on Bourse members. But, he admits, "after a catastrophe of this kind, the credibility of the exchange is at risk."

TREASURE

Booty on The Block

A 5-ft. gold chain fetched \$319,000. A two-handled gold cup went for \$275,000. The only treasure not up for auction at what Christie's New York called the most spectacular shipwreck sale in history was the \$1 million worth of salvaged gold draped around Mel Fisher's well-tanned neck. He is the 65-year-old treasure hunter whose 20-year search for sunken bullion finally paid off three years ago, when he discovered the main cargo of the *Nuestra Señora de Atocha*, a booty-laden Spanish galleon that foundered in stormy seas off Florida's Key West in 1622. Last week Fisher watched as

more than 400 of the hundreds of thousands of artifacts his divers recovered from the *Atocha* and other wrecks were auctioned off at Christie's. The \$2.9 million raised will go to various investors in Fisher's venture who put the articles up for sale. "That's their prerogative," said Fisher. "A lot of the people wanted the cash."

To keep his operation afloat over the years, the often broke adventurer created some 35 different investment schemes, including one drawn up on a cocktail napkin. Last November six shareholders filed suit in a Florida court, charging they did not receive their fair share of the treasure. Still, the plaintiffs could take some consolation from the Christie's sale. A gold chain that belonged to one of them went for \$68,200.

THE UNEXPECTED

If the Muggers Had Just Known

Leaping limos? Superrich Texan Lamar Hunt rides the subway when he visits New York City? Apparently so, because a free-lance photographer last week spied Hunt, 55, and his wife Norma as they emerged from the U.S. District Court building in lower Manhattan and headed down to the tunnels.

Since February, Lamar and his brothers Nelson Bunker and William Herbert Hunt

(estimated combined fortune: \$1.2 billion) have been defendants in a New York lawsuit in which Peru-owned Minpeco SA alleges that the Hunts' manipulation of the silver markets caused the 1980 crash in the price of that precious metal. The Hunts pleaded innocent, saying that silver's tumble cost them \$1.1 billion.

AGRICULTURE

Iowa Goes Hog Wild

The folks in Des Moines pigged out last week, quite literally. An estimated 35,000 people gathered at the Iowa State Fairgrounds for "The Great Pork BarbeQlossal," and in a single day consumed 13 tons of barbecued pork served by 100 amateur and professional barbecue cooks who were competing for more than \$20,000 in prizes.

The feast kicked off the first World Pork Expo trade show, organized by the National Pork Producers Council as part of a campaign to boost pork's popularity. Last year U.S. pork consumption was up only 1.6%, to 7.5 million tons, compared with chicken's 9% rise, to 9.5 million tons. Nonetheless, the producers were encouraged by the BarbeQlossal turnout. They say the feast will make the *Guinness Book of World Records*. The category: "Largest Single-Day Barbecue Serving."

Living

The Sweet Smell of Success?

For the unsuspecting, magazines can be a pain in the nose

There used to be nothing treacherous about reading a magazine. There was nothing to come off on your clothes (except maybe too much ink), nothing to make your eyes water or take away your taste for dinner. But now, as perfume makers seek greater access to their customers, the magazine has become something of a minefield—and a smelly minefield at that. More and more perfume manufacturers are relying on not just provocative texts and evocative images but a sample of the real thing. Turn the page, break open the "scent strip" and get a full blast of Giorgio's Beverly Hills, or Calvin Klein's Obsession; Fendi, the passion of Rome; or Fabergé's McGregor. "The fragrance business is so highly competitive," says Melisande Congdon-Doyle, director of cosmetic and fragrance marketing at *Harper's Bazaar*, "that the only way to get the scent before the noses of people is to go to them directly." For a person who receives several such magazines in the home or office simultaneously, the effect can be overpowering. "What is that smell, Janet?"

The strips are usually postcard size and placed in such tony magazines as *Vogue*, *Town & Country* and *Vanity Fair*. The ad is coated with millions of tiny drops of fragrant oils, sealed inside specially designed capsules. The capsules are mixed with a binding agent and affixed to the paper to prevent the scents from



Scent strips now rival department-store perfume counters

bursting during rough handling in the mail. Once the ad is ripped open, the scent behaves just as if it were waiting in the air above the perfume counter.

Giorgio was the pioneer of scent strips, but more than a dozen other manufacturers have followed suit, since the tactic seems to work wonders. Fragrance sales, which fell in the early 1980s, have steadily risen for the past five years, according to the Fragrance Foundation. Scent strips have become so effective that they are challenging department stores as the primary means for introducing and

sampling new fragrances. For readers who cannot make it to the nearest posh department store, the ads provide a toll-free 800 number to call to buy the product from the privacy of their living room.

Perfume is just the beginning. Rolls-Royce has run an ad in *Architectural Digest* that lets readers smell the leathery Rolls interiors. Calls to the company increased fourfold the month after the ad appeared. Readers could also breathe deeply of De-Kuyper's Original Peachtree Schnapps or scratch and catch a whiff of Ralston Purina's dog food Butcher's Blend. McCormick & Co. Inc. of Hunt Valley, Md., has put out its annual report on sales of its spices. The financial statements smelled of buttered cinnamon.

There are a few deterrants to further proliferation. The ads cost a lot, as much as \$35,000 more than a regular one-page color ad in a magazine like *Mademoiselle*. Some readers still complain about the most aggressive inserts, and other, unscented advertisers may be afraid that readers will discard the magazine to escape from a smelly page. Grips Nancy Conarroe, a Manhattan food consultant: "I am allergic to perfume, and I get angry when magazines invade my space with aromas that are offensive and unwanted."

But if the ploy continues to sell perfume, the smells may branch out even further. Imagine if advertisers, in their search for more vivid copy, began running scent strips, say, for Aqueduct Race Track Or Magic Johnson's Converse ERX 400 high-tops, or Macanudo, the ultimate cigar. It would be enough to make some readers wish they had a cold.

—By Nancy R. Gibbs

Reported by Wayne Svaloda/New York

Milestones

PATERNITY ADMITTED. By Ed Asner, 58, burly star of the TV series *Lou Grant*, of the ten-month-old son of Carol Jean Vogelman; in Los Angeles. After a court proceeding brought by Vogelman's ex-husband, Asner agreed to pay \$2,100 monthly for the boy's support.

SENTENCED. John Zaccaro Jr., 24, son of 1984 Democratic Vice-Presidential Candidate Geraldine Ferraro; to four months in jail, 300 hours of community service and a \$1,500 fine for selling \$25 worth of cocaine to an undercover agent in 1986 while a Middlebury College senior; in Rutland, Vt. Zaccaro, who has worked for two years at a New York City shelter for runaways, will appeal.

OUSTED. Abba Eban, 73, aristocratic former Israeli Foreign Minister; from the Labor Party list of parliamentary candidates for November's election; in Jerusalem. A

Knesset member since 1959, Eban became widely known as an eloquent spokesman for Israel at the U.N. He ascribed his rejection to his criticism of the government's policy of beating Palestinian demonstrators and his questioning of Israel's occupation of the West Bank.

SENTENCES ANNULLED. Of Lev Kamenov and Grigori Zinoviev, members of the Soviet ruling triumvirate who were executed in 1936 on a trumped-up charge of treason that included plotting to kill Stalin; by the Soviet Supreme Court; in Moscow. The 1936 Kamenov-Zinoviev trial marked the beginning of Stalin's Great Purge, in which 12 million Soviet citizens were executed or died in labor camps. Neither man has yet been formally rehabilitated as a Communist Party member.

DIED. Willie Velasquez, 44, founder and president of the Southwest Voter Regis-

tration Education Project, which since 1974 has helped double the number of Latino voters and boost the number of Hispanic elected officials by 94% nationally; of kidney cancer; in San Antonio.

DIED. Louis L'Amour, 80, virtuoso of Old West storytelling whose 101 briskly paced books of the American frontier won a worldwide following (almost 200 million copies in circulation); of lung cancer; in Los Angeles. A onetime lumberjack and professional boxer, the self-educated L'Amour developed an encyclopedic mastery of cartography, geology and history that gave his books a scrupulously detailed authenticity. *Hondo* and *How the West Was Won* are among the films made from his work. "I feel like a midwife to a thousand stories that have to be told," he once said. "Not the lives of generals and public men, but all those people buried in anonymous graves who suffered to build the country."

Q: Why can't this veal calf walk?



A: He has only two feet.

Actually, less than two feet. Twenty two inches to be exact. His entire life is spent chained in a wooden box measuring only 22 inches wide and 56 inches long. The box is so small that the calf can't walk or even turn around.

Most people think animal abuse is illegal. It isn't. In veal factories, it's business as usual. "Milk-fed" veal is obtained by making a calf anemic. The calf is *not* fed mother's milk. He's fed an antibiotic laced formula that causes severe diarrhea. He must lie in his own excrement—choking on the ammonia gases. He's chained in a darkened building with hundreds of other baby calves suffering the same fate. They are immobilized, sick, and anemic.



Toxic Veal

The reckless use of oxytetracycline, mold inhibiting chemicals, chloramphenicol, neomycin, penicillin, and other drugs is not just bad for calves. It is toxic to you.

But doesn't the USDA prevent tainted veal from being sold? Absolutely not. The USDA itself admits that most veal is never checked for toxic residue.

Antibiotics in veal and other factory farm products create virulent strains of bacteria that wreak havoc on human health. *Salmonella* poisoning is reaching epidemic proportions.

Veal factories maximize profits for agribusiness drug companies because they are a breeding ground for disease. To keep calves alive under such torturous conditions, they are *continually* given drugs which can be passed on to customers.

It doesn't have to be this way. And with your help, it won't be. Please, don't buy veal!

Campaign Against Factory Farming

YES! Factory farms must be stopped from misusing drugs, abusing farm animals, and destroying America's family farms. Enclosed is my tax-deductible contribution of:

☐ \$20 ☐ \$50 ☐ \$100 ☐ \$500 ☐ Other _____

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

A free Consumer Alert pack is available upon request.

THE HUMANE FARMING ASSOCIATION

1550 California Street • Suite 2 • San Francisco, CA 94109

Show Business



A.B.T. dancers strut to barbershop quartets: a Cinderella's dream to prove that the times we live in are not all that doleful

A Coney Island of the Mind

Two decades in the dreaming, the New York arts festival offers a 20th century grab bag

In the Broadway season's most acclaimed musical, Stephen Sondheim's fairy-tale adaptation *Into the Woods*, a smudged and hapless Cinderella repeatedly sings of her yearning "to go to the festival." She has no idea what to do when she gets there. In fact, she does not quite know what a festival is, and its reality could never match her glittering, if vague, expectations. But a festival sounds like the height of glamour and sophistication.

Somewhat like Cinderella, cultural leaders of New York City have spent the past two decades pondering, and two years preparing, the city's first International Festival of the Arts, which they too want to be everything imaginable. The result: a month-long extravaganza embracing 350 theater, dance, music, film and video events in 55-plus venues, ranging from a Polish troupe re-creating 17th century religious ecstasy in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine to a water ballet accompanied by video projections at the Columbia University swimming pool.

The opening weekend included gon-doliers from Venice, laser beams playing over the Empire State Building, and 1,000 schoolchildren, police and Australian life-guards performing the whimsical *A Day in the Life of Coney Island* under the direction of Jacques d'Amboise. These items attracted the attention of the station-wagon set. Other performances were, aptly, more serious and even arcane.

During its long gestation, the festival underwent repeated changes of rationale. In the 1970s it was touted as a way to counter the publicity fallout from New York's fiscal crisis, a prototype "I Love New York" campaign. Later, as other cities staged their own festivals—including Los Angeles in 1984 and again in

1987, and Chicago in 1986 and again this spring—a New York event became an issue of civic pride. By the time it finally got under way June 11, its goal was seen as mainly aesthetic. According to Founder Martin Segal, a financial consultant and chairman emeritus of the city's Lincoln Center cultural complex, the festival was to celebrate the attainments of the 20th century and thereby "prove that the times we were living in were not all that doleful."

Whatever its shape and purpose, the festival was bound to face complaints from a cultural community that is notorious for carping more than any wicked stepmother. Before the first trumpet or toe shoe had been lifted, critics were charging that the sprawling roster of events lacked focus, and had been inflated with items that were scheduled anyway or that are customary offerings of the city's arts institutions. Some ballyhooed events, they noted, were direct transfers: O'Neill's *Ah, Wilderness!* and *Long Day's Journey into Night* from the Yale Repertory Theater, Martha Clarke's Cocteau-like erotic fantasy *Miracolo d'Amore* from the Spoleto Festival U.S.A. in Charleston, S.C. While the \$4.3 million in available subsidies was welcomed, many in the city's arts community questioned whether the whole venture was needed. Explained Publicist Bruce Cohen, whose clients include several festival offerings: "New York City is an



Dewhurst and Robards in *Long Day's Journey*
A tribute to O'Neill on his centenary.

arts festival all the time. That's why we live here."

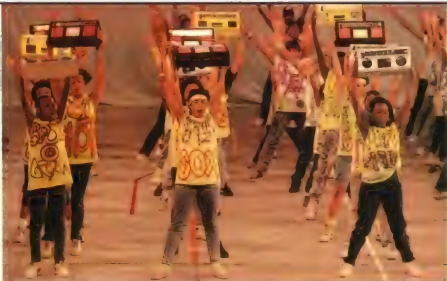
Nor was the festival without financial setbacks. American Express gave \$3.5 million of the \$8.5 million total budget and spent an estimated additional \$8 million to \$10 million on promotion. (Other corporate backers included Chase Manhattan Bank, Pan American Airlines and Louis Vuitton.) Yet initial ticket sales for many events were weak, and although they improved, few events would run long enough to recoup the lost income. Spectators may have been overwhelmed by the diversity of choice. Moreover, New York City audiences are prone to wait for reviews before they go to anything.

What had promised to be a theatrical high point of the festival had to be canceled because of low box-office receipts and a consequent lack of financing. Producer Ken Marsolais dropped the Maly Theater of Leningrad's seven-hour, 59-actor staging of *Brothers and Sisters*, a tragicomic depiction of a ravaged Soviet Union during and just after World War II. But after days of warnings about potential danger to East-West relations, he managed to substitute a less expansive Maly work, *Stars in the Morning Sky*, about prostitutes shipped into internal exile before the 1980 Moscow Olympics. Performances begin this week.

The 20th century theme does not mean an exclusive emphasis on the avant-garde. A cabaret-style tribute to Cole Porter traded on nostalgia, as did a Clark Tippet dance set to barbershop quartets for the American Ballet Theater. Sean O'Casey's *Juno and the Paycock* from Dublin's Gate Theater is a robustly old-fashioned stage mix of comedy and tragedy, while the two O'Neill plays honor the centennial of the playwright's birth and star two of his foremost interpreters, Jason Robards and Colleen Dewhurst.

Director José Quintero's lugubrious staging of *Long Day's Journey*, well-nigh perfect in its conventional way, lacks the revelatory quality of Jonathan Miller's fast-paced and fiercely funny version on Broadway in 1986. Dewhurst is almost poisonous as the often sanctified mother, yet retains a seductive girlishness. Robards dwells on the surface as her husband and fails to achieve the character's moment of transformation from a shambling old man into the brilliant actor that he was before he squandered his talent on easy applause and nightly whiskey. Thus the less esteemed *Ali, Wilderness!*, directed by Arvin Brown, here seems more satisfying. In this slice of Norman Rockwell life, Dewhurst and Robards achieve sensual chemistry as a Connecticut newspaper editor and his featherheaded wife, still in love after decades of marriage.

Of smaller theater items, the only outright triumph was *I'll Go On*, an arresting, funny adaptation of Samuel Beckett's novels performed solo by Barry McGovern, an ingratiatingly blank-faced Irishman. Two Polish troupes offered incantatory visions, mostly in their native tongue: Gardzieniec had ferocious energy in an



Schoolchildren performing in Jacques d'Amboise's whimsical *A Day in the Life*



Clarke's *Miracolo*; more violent and nude than necessary, but exquisitely beautiful

alleged biography of a 17th century religious martyr but lacked narrative drive. Tadeusz Kantor's *I Shall Never Return*, a bitter reverie reflecting the successive political indignities visited on his native land, was much more skillfully shaded.

Although Segal originally intended to stress music and dance, the offerings in those fields have yet to strike many sparks. Like the Los Angeles festivals, the New York lineup gives too much attention to a genre variously classed as dance, except that the dancers are not trusted enough to be given anything interesting to do, or theater, except that the texts are typically minimal and witless; or performance art, except that the real emphasis is on props and tricks rather than performers. A case in point: the pretentious numbers staged by Bill Forsythe, an American, for his Frankfurt Ballet.

The same complaints might be made

about Clarke's *Miracolo d'Amore*, which is rescued by being exquisitely beautiful. Clarke usually credits a painter with inspiring her imagery. This time it is Tiepolo. But the ancient crone sweeping and cackling, the commedia dell'arte clowns, the quartet of nude women gently interweaving in a dance, the men employing a variety of bird noises, the eerily believable copulation between a girl and a skeleton also bring to mind Cocteau and Gertrude Stein and Picasso and Diaghilev. If more explicitly violent and more frequently nude than necessary, *Miracolo* is nonetheless a fitting tribute to what was freshest and most original in early 20th century art. Recalling it, audiences may well end as Cinderella does, despite her tribulations, in *Into The Woods*. Once on the throne, she wants nothing more than to hold another festival.

By William A. Henry III

Reported by Mary Cronin/New York

Press

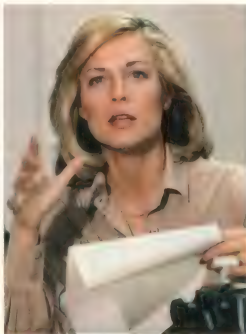
TV News' Fallen Star

The brief life and times of Jessica Savitch

Who was Jessica Savitch? Millions of TV viewers knew her as the glamorous and authoritative NBC News anchor who was a role model for scores of aspiring women journalists. To her colleagues on the set, however, she was an anorexic, acne-scarred prima donna who would throw tantrums over the slightest inconvenience or reject a glass of water because it was too warm. And to those who claimed to know her best, she was a vivacious and vulnerable woman who became so debilitated by insecurity and drug abuse that she could barely function without a nursemaid. When Savitch's end finally came in a freak car accident in 1983, one close friend had already finished mourning: the Jessica she had once known had died years before.

Now, nearly five years later, Savitch's troubled life is being resurrected in two searing biographies: *Almost Golden* by Gwenda Blair, a veteran magazine writer, and *Golden Girl* by Author Alanna Nash. The books tell many of the same painful stories, but while Nash writes a cautionary tale about personal ambition gone amuck, Blair sets Savitch's rise and fall against the larger backdrop of television-news history. Ultimately, neither writer completely succeeds in conveying what made Savitch run, perhaps because her personal demons were so well masked.

What is clear, however, is that the anchor had a remarkable gift for talking to a TV camera. Blair recounts that Savitch once told a colleague that her trick was to focus on a spot in the middle of her head and project it through her eyes to the oth-



Anchorless anchor: Savitch on the job at NBC in 1978

er side of the lens. "She would send this energy force out like a laser," he recalled. "You'd step back and say, 'Christ! What was that!'"

Savitch labored long and hard to master her craft and fight her way into a male-dominated profession. She was quick to realize that TV news was more about show business than journalism. As a fledgling reporter for KHOU-TV in Houston, she ended a report about an exhibit of World War II bombers by posing on a wing like a

vintage pinup. Viewers loved it. She moved to Philadelphia in 1972, studied speech and became a celebrated anchor after starring in a series of personal reports about such topics as rape and childbirth.

But when at 30 she achieved her dream and joined NBC News as a Senate correspondent and weekend anchor, Savitch still lacked the ear-to-the-ground reporting skills needed to cover a demanding beat. Hired to add some allure to the news division's stodgy image, she was also expected to break stories on Capitol Hill and provide sparkle at numerous public appearances. She quickly floundered. "The people who brought her in here abandoned her," said Tom Brokaw. Yet even as she was being demoted for incompetence, the network flacks and a willing press continued to tout her as TV news' hottest new commodity.

Both authors conclude that Savitch had no one to blame for her troubles but herself. Instead of seeking help or a change of assignment, she slipped ever deeper into the embrace of drugs—mostly cocaine, but also pills—and a retinue of sycophants. Her first marriage lasted ten months, her second ended after five months, when she found her husband hanging lifeless in the basement of their Washington town house. Her self-abuse finally became evident to millions when she slurred her way through a harrowing 43-second NBC News Digest. Three weeks later, Savitch, 36, and a date, New York Post Executive Martin Fischbein, accidentally drove into a canal in New Hope, Pa., and were killed.

"She had reached the top only to be dismissed as a bimbo," Blair writes. But with film and television rights to both biographies already snapped up, Savitch is sure to be remembered as the woman who brought the dark side of Hollywood to broadcast row. —By Laurence Zuckerman

Gunning For It

For years Syndicated Columnist Carl T. Rowan has been an advocate of strict gun control. But when roused from sleep last week by what he believed was an intruder at the bedroom window of his Washington home, Rowan forgot his own counsel. After calling the police, he loaded a handgun and went outside. Rowan says he came face to face with a "tall man who was smoking something that I was absolutely sure was

marijuana." After the man ignored warnings and lunged toward him, says Rowan, he fired once, wounding the intruder in the wrist. Police identified the trespasser as Ben N. Smith, 18, who, along with at least three others, had apparently scaled Rowan's 8-ft. fence for a dip in the swimming pool.

The incident became an instant cause célèbre. Critics dubbed the columnist "the Jacuzzi Gunman" and "Rambo Rowan," while black leaders criticized authorities for dropping charges against the white

intruders. No charges have been brought against Rowan, and the case against the youths is still under investigation. In his first column after the episode, Rowan stuck



Rowan: "Let them crow"

to his guns: "Let political enemies crow. But let them know that as long as authorities leave this society awash in drugs and guns, I will protect my family."

Our sentiments exactly, replied National Rifle Association Spokesman Wayne LaPierre, who plans to use the incident for promotion. Idaho Senator Steve Symms went a step further. After taking out an N.R.A. membership for Rowan, he sent the columnist a pithy telegram: YOUR ACTIONS HAVE SPOKEN LOUDER THAN YOUR WORDS.

Books

The Man, but Not His Voice

JOHN CHEEVER: A BIOGRAPHY by Scott Donaldson
Random House: 416 pages; \$22.50

Buried within the lengthy list of acknowledgments at the end of this life of John Cheever is a poignant sentence indeed: "The most important book dealing with Cheever's life is Susan Cheever's *Home Before Dark*, a sensitive memoir that provides fascinating quotations from his journals and letters." Scott Donaldson, a professor of English at the College of William and Mary, does not go on to explain why his book hardly quotes journals and letters at all, but the reason is obvious. Susan's book about her father was published in 1984, several years before an important glitch arose in the writing of such works. J.D. Salinger successfully sued to prevent Biographer Ian Hamilton from generously quoting or even closely paraphrasing unpublished letters. After enduring that expensive, lengthy and losing litigation, Random House, Hamilton's publisher, grew understandably cautious about forthcoming biographies on its list. One of the first to be scrutinized in light of the new legal landscape was *John Cheever: A Biography*. Says Gerald Hollingsworth, Random House's chief legal counsel: "As a result of the Salinger case, we paid an enormous amount of attention to the Cheever work. Whether we allowed Donaldson to use less of John Cheever's unpublished material than he would have liked is difficult to answer."

Not for readers of Donaldson's biography. Words made the man named Cheever, both in his fiction and in his elegant, often unsettling comments on himself and everything he loved and hated. Unfortunately, his biographer can offer only sparing, truncated and oblique evidence of his subject's distinctive gift. The snippets that are included simply underscore the absence of so many others. Here is Cheever, taking tranquilizers as a prescribed substitute for alcohol, complaining that the medication made him feel as "stagnant as the water under an old millwheel." On a visit to the University of Utah in 1977, the author grows enamored of a teaching fellow and confides to his journal: "Lonely and with my loneliness exacerbated by travel, motel rooms, bad food, public readings and the superficiality of standing in reception lines, I fell in love with Max in a motel room of unusual squalor." Near the end of his life, Cheever, ill with cancer, ap-

pears along with John Updike on *The Dick Cavett Show*. Donaldson carefully paraphrases Cheever's critique of himself after viewing the broadcast. "He looked like a viper trying to break wind," he wrote Updike.

This biographer can hardly be blamed for the perverse effects of the Sal-



Cheever at his exurban home in Ossining, N.Y., in 1980
Spinning a litany of pithy, anecdotal grandeur.

inger case, i.e., the ability of an author who has not published a word since 1965 to squelch other words well into the litigious future. Nor is it Donaldson's fault that Susan Cheever's *Home Before Dark* scooped him by revealing her father's bisexuality. These handicaps are difficult but not necessarily ruinous. Unfortunately, *John Cheever*, which is certain to command more attention because of its subject's fame, displays a range of self-inflicted weaknesses.

The most severe of these is Donaldson's prose style. Before his death in 1982 Cheever had regaled many interviewers and companions with tales of his past. The litany took on anecdotal grandeur:

his glamorous New England ancestors, his childhood in Quincy, Mass., as the second son of a failed father and domineering mother, his expulsion from Thayer Academy, his struggles to make his name as a writer during the 1930s, and his growing recognition as a regular contributor of short stories to *The New Yorker*; then marriage and three children—Susan, Ben, Federico—and the move to the exurbs north of New York City; increasing renown, novels, prizes, alcoholism, depression, extramarital affairs; finally, the kicking of alcohol and the redemption of finding himself rich and famous.

Never mind that many versions of this saga contradicted one another and the facts of the matter; they were invariably pithy and memorable. Donaldson's determination to set the record straight leads him to a repudiation of Cheever's free-wheeling manner. Clichés seem to certify sober, scholarly research: "Life was not all fun and games, however." —"*The New Yorker's* taste was genteel, and as time wore on Cheever wrote about everything under the sun." "Fred was the apple of his father's eye."

Cheever would have groaned, or said something quite rude about such stale expressions. He was, after all, capable of describing himself as "intrinsically disheveled." Worse still, Donaldson seems only dimly aware of the discipline and artistry that went into Cheever's fiction. Two early stories, the biographer writes, "were deeply felt semiautobiographical tales populated by characters that the author (and hence the reader) clearly cared about." If "caring about" characters were truly a recipe for literary success, the world would be awash with masterpieces.

Finally, Donaldson reveals an imprecise grasp of the narrative method, the notion that one thing leads to another. He alludes to a reconciliation between Cheever and his son Ben without ever having explained when or why they were estranged. And Donaldson writes, "As his fame grew, so did the local demands on his time from libraries, colleges, and civic and cultural associations." Exactly two pages later, this sentence obtrudes: "Cheever's reputation was at its nadir."

For all its faults, this may be the most detailed biography of Cheever for some years to come. Grudging attention must be paid by all those who value Cheever and his work. But devotees can also look forward to the scheduled publications later this year of the author's collected letters and previously uncollected stories. Cheever's waspish, beguiling voice has clearly not had its last word.

—By Paul Gray

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Books

Airbursts

THANK GOD FOR THE ATOM BOMB

by Paul Fussell

Summit, 298 pages; \$17.95

Paul Fussell's collection of crusty essays covers a good deal of time and space, from Hiroshima, 1945, to the Indianapolis 500, 1982. Pieces about the fate of chivalry (linked to the decline of horse culture) and nudism in Yugoslavia (when the sun goes down, the naked dress up) range knowingly over such touchy subjects as taste and class. At his most potent, Fussell takes on two hazardous areas: meeting an enemy in battle and engaging the English language in single combat. He has had victories on both fronts, as an infantry officer in World War II and as a professor of literature and the author of literary and social criticism, including the much decorated *The Great War and Modern Memory* (1975).

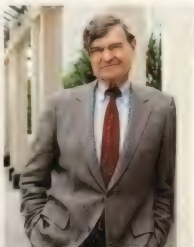
In 1945 Fussell was a 21-year-old second lieutenant leading a rifle platoon in a division that "had been through the European war so thoroughly that it had needed to be reconstituted two or three times." He was wounded in the back and leg, but not seriously enough to lose his job. After Germany surrendered, the author and his unit were among the blooded troops scheduled to invade Japan. The ferocity of the recent campaigns on Okinawa and Iwo Jima was not lost on those who had survived the crusade against Hitler. Fighting the Japanese on their own turf promised to be the costliest effort of the war.

Fortunately, this estimate remains a matter of speculation. The atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki canceled Operation Olympic and delivered Fussell, reasonably intact, from his enemies. "For all the practiced phlegm of our tough façades," he writes, "we broke down and cried with relief and joy. We were going to live. We were going to grow to adulthood after all."

Hence, "thank God for the atom bomb," a phrase originally used by another appreciative combat veteran and writer, William Manchester, in his memoir of the Pacific war, *Goodbye Darkness*. As Fussell's title, *T.G.A.B.* is aimed at offending those who feel guilty about Hiroshima and Nagasaki. He does not. The dramatic end of the war was both "horrible and welcome." Tens of thousands died, but more than a million Allies and Japanese could have been casualties of an invasion campaign. Because he knows the terror and brutality of combat, Fussell draws a sacred line between the men who were in the foxholes and those who viewed the war from behind desks. On John Kenneth Galbraith, a former member of the Office of Price Administration, who believed Japan would have surrendered in weeks even if the A-bombs had not been used: "I don't demand that he experience having his ass

shot off. I merely note that he didn't."

This is the sort of guff one can hear on *The Morton Downey Jr. Show*, yet it is one of the perverse pleasures of reading Fussell that he can play the loudmouth and the egghead with equal relish. One of his models is George Orwell, who hid his social pedigree and erudition behind a blunt style that shook comfortable perceptions with irony and contradictions. When Fussell goes to the races at the Indianapolis Speedway, for example, he begins with the standard derisive sociology about the "middles" in the reserved seats and the black-leather set that gathers in the muddy infield known as the Snake Pit. But by the time he leaves, Fussell is a fan of what he sees as a dangerous ritual that provides



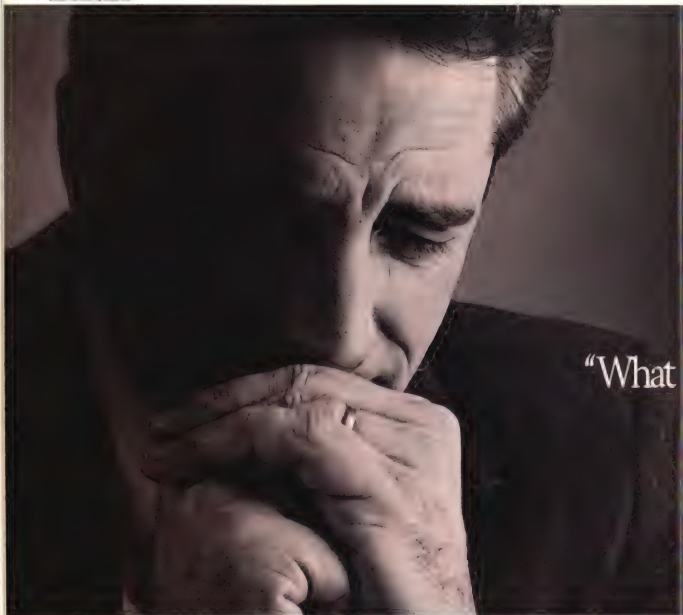
Fussell: boorish but never boring

an outlet for an unruly national spirit.

A little pat and a bit condescending? Perhaps. The inconsistent style and tone of many of these essays reflect Fussell's own ad hoc approach. His true targets are insecure members of the middle class, who think that saying "home" rather than "house" and "rest room" instead of "toilet" confers breeding. He spices up the gun-control issue with a modest proposal: all firearms owners should be required to enlist in a local militia for training. And he is contemptuous of authors who write letters to the editor complaining about unfavorable reviews: a "new prose genre, new because so perfectly in tune with contemporary tendencies toward thin-skinned neurosis, egotism, and the consequent demand for favorable personal publicity."

Fussell can be boorish, but he is never boring. Unpleasantness, as he sees it, must be faced: language needs to be shorn of euphemisms, and good reading is where you find it. When he quotes Orwell on back issues of the *Girl's Own Paper*, he could be talking about his own book: "For casual reading—in your bath, for instance, or late at night when you are too tired to go to bed, or in the odd quarter of an hour before lunch." *Bon appétit!*

—By R.Z. Sheppard



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Books

Stargazer

THE TOYNBEE CONVECTOR

by Ray Bradbury
Knopf, 275 pages; \$17.95

On an otherwise ordinary evening in May, a week before his 29th birthday, Jonathan Hughes met his fate, commuting from another time, another year, another life.

No further identification is necessary. Addicts of the Ray Bradbury Theater and votaries of *The Illustrated Man* can immediately identify the author's unique blend of science fiction, comic horror and pure corn oil. In this newest collection of stories, Bradbury, 67, shows why his previous works have sold more than 40 million copies in some 20 countries.

In the title story, a dreamy old sage steps out of his time machine with a typically Bradburian message: Utopia lies a century ahead. In fact, the traveler has never ventured farther than his laboratory. He fakes his trips in order to provide the earth with its most precious commodity: hope.

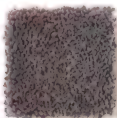
Not all of the work demands a suspension of disbelief. *One for His Lordship*, and *One for the Road?* is a plausibly ribald bar story. In a little Irish village, Lord Kilgotten passes on, after demanding that the rare and valuable contents of his wine cellar be poured into his grave. The idea of such waste appalls the thirsty villagers, who ingeniously honor the letter of the will by voiding the vintage. A literary joke provides the spine of *Long Division*. Splitting up their family and their library, a divorcing couple vehemently argue about the allocation of each beloved novel, history and biography. Several disputations go by before the husband remembers to ask, "Who gets the kids?"

Although Bradbury is an authentic original, he has his antecedents. *Promises, Promises*, about the price a man must pay for the survival of his injured daughter, is a direct descendant of Graham Greene's *The End of the Affair*. In *Trapdoor*, when an attic swallows a homeowner, the author is bowing in the direction of John Collier and Roald Dahl, two modern masters of the big chill. Bradbury is quick to acknowledge the sources of inspiration. "The ideas are my own," he says, "but books, movies, memories, provide the launching pads on the voyage to stories. So far, I've located about 500. And there must be at least 1,000 more out there, twinkling like stars waiting to be discovered."

—By Stefan Kanfer



Bradbury



BARBECUE SAUCE

Nina Panara
Bunkie, LA



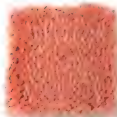
MUSTARD

Marlene Collins
Washington, DC



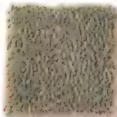
COFFEE

Linda Norton
Dallas, TX



CHERRY COUGH SYRUP

Deann Thompson
Shawnee, OK



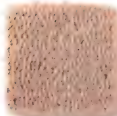
FRUIT DRINK

Melinda Bannum
Knoxville, TN



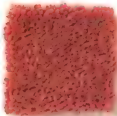
AVOCADO

Alicia Abbott
Hemelock, NC



RED WINE

Julie Morische
Rudd, IA



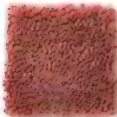
DARK BEER

Lara Woodward
Homolulu, HI



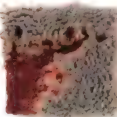
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Doris Fone
Beverly Hills, CA



ORANGE JUICE

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The engines of this Italian-made Avanti push rather than pull it through the air, giving the plane improved stability and better fuel efficiency

The Shape of Planes to Come

Backward-looking aircraft get the go-ahead to cross the skies

With their swept-back wings, forward-mounted canards, or stabilizers, and pusher propellers, they look a little as if they should be moving through the air tailfirst. But the two new designs—Beech Aircraft's Starship and Rinaldo Piaggio's P 180 Avanti—are very much forward-looking pieces of machinery. Using advanced technology to deliver high performance and good fuel efficiency, they could dictate the shape of small transport aircraft in the coming years.

Last week the U.S. Federal Aviation Administration announced that Beech, based in Wichita, had met Government standards for airworthiness with its Starship, and granted "type certification," clearing the way for deliveries to customers by next spring. Piaggio, which has headquarters in Genoa, Italy, hopes to receive U.S. certification for its Avanti model by the end of the year. Both planes, each seating seven to ten passengers, are expected to be warmly welcomed in the cor-

porate market. Says Henry Ogradzinski, communications director of the General Aviation Manufacturers Association, "It looks like [both firms] have come up with a winner."

Elements of the design are as old as powered flight itself. The original Wright brothers' 1903 *Flyer* was of the canard type, with a pair of horizontal stabilizers mounted in front of the pilot. Though the shape had certain advantages in slow-speed flight—it was highly resistant to stalls—it proved too unstable at high speeds, and was eventually abandoned in favor of aircraft with stabilizers fixed to their tails. Now, with computers available to design planes and with fly-by-wire controls to help steer them, Beech and Piaggio have revived the original concept.

The result is two aircraft that are every bit as revolutionary as they look. Except for its landing gear, engine mounts and a handful of other components, the Beech Starship is constructed entirely of

composite synthetics—graphite fabric wrapped around honeycombed Nomex, a nylon-like material used in fireproof clothing. This makes the twin-engine plane lighter and stronger than similar craft constructed, in the conventional manner, of aluminum.

The Starship's rear-facing propellers push rather than pull it through the air. A pair of 7-ft. tip sails, fitted to the end of each wing, serve as vertical stabilizers and help reduce aerodynamic drag. The forward-mounted canards swivel back during high-speed flight to further reduce drag and are equipped with elevators that eliminate the need for a tail. Beech is keeping the Starship's performance characteristics secret, but early reports suggest it can reach cruising speeds approaching those of businessjets at about 40% the fuel cost of a Gates Learjet or a Cessna Citation. The Starship sells for \$3.7 million, a little over half the price of a similar-size jet.

Piaggio's Avanti, while sharing such features as rear-facing engines and nose-mounted wings, has a somewhat less radical design. It is equipped with a standard tail and is built mostly of aluminum. But Piaggio claims it will fly faster and more efficiently than its U.S. competitor. Prices will be roughly comparable.

Both manufacturers are aggressively pursuing sales in each other's markets. Beech claims that a quarter of the 50 orders it has received have come from European customers, while Piaggio says it will sell 60% of its planes in North and South America. By some estimates, fewer than 8,000 corporate aircraft are in use today worldwide, but the industry is coming out of a decade-long slump, and there may be a backlog of pent-up demand.

How much of that demand will benefit the Starship and the Avanti is uncertain. The manufacturers still have to demonstrate that their performance claims are valid. Moreover, some executives may not like the idea of entrusting their lives to such novel and unusual designs. Ogradzinski, for one, thinks they will. "Looks and status have always been a selling point in corporate aircraft," he says. "There is a certain prestige in owning the latest design."

By Philip Elmer-DeWitt.
Reported by Debra Beachy/Wichita and Leonora Dodsworth/Rome



U.S.-built Starship, showing nose-mounted canards and vertical tip sails attached to each wing. Computer-assisted designs that revive ideas dating back to the Wright brothers.

Sport

COVER STORY

Boxing's Allure

From the heart of a primal passion comes the terror of Mike Tyson



By Tom Callahan

An explanation for boxing, at least an excuse, has never been harder to summon or easier to see than it is now, simmering in the eyes of Mike Tyson. Muhammad Ali's face, when his was the face of boxing, at least had a note of humor, a hint of remorse, even the possibility of compassion, though he gave no guarantees: Tyson does: brutal, bitter ones.

The usual case for boxing as art or science is rougher to make in the face of this face. Valor can be redeeming, so can grace, pose, bearing, even cunning. But this is a nightmare. The monster that men have worried was at the heart of their indefinable passion, of their indefensible sport, has come out in the flesh to be the

champion of the world. Next Monday night, he will be served Michael Spinks.

Perhaps it is anachronistic to mention only men. Maybe boxing is an anachronism: the manly art of self-defense. Take it like a man. Be a man. In Archibald MacLeish's play *J.B.*, Job told the Comforter, "I can bear anything a man can bear—if I can be one." But nobody talks about being a man anymore. When it comes to bloodlust, female gills pant up and down too. In the matter of boxing's fascination for writers, gender has certainly not been disqualifying. Still, the suspicion persists that males secrete some kind of archetypal fluid that makes it easier for them to understand what's at work here.

As a fictional character, Tyson would be an offense to everyone, a stereotype

wrung out past infinity to obscenity. He is the black Brooklyn street thug from reform school, adopted by the white benevolent old character from the country who could only imagine the terrible violence done to the boy from the terrible violence the boy can do to others. "I'll break Spinks," Tyson says. "None of them has a chance. I'll break them all." Other sports trade on mayhem, but boxing is condemned for just this intent.

It is not a sport to Tyson. "I don't like sports; they're social events," he says, though he holds individual athletes in casual esteem. The basketball star Michael Jordan, for one ("Anyone who can fly deserves respect"), or the baseball and football player Bo Jackson. Tyson says of Jackson, "I love that he's able to do both. But I heard him say that he doesn't like



THE UNDISPUTED CHAMP

With a unanimous decision over Tony Tucker, Tyson consolidated all the various belts to reweld the heavyweight crown

It is so basic and bare. In a square ring or vicious circle, stripped to the waist and bone, punchers and boxers counteract. Tyson is already the first, and potentially the second, so the eternal matchup of gore and guile doesn't just occupy him outwardly, it swirls inside him as well. Modern moviemakers are good at capturing the choreography of fights—they understand the Apache dance. But in their Dolby deafness they overdo the supersonic bashing and skip one of the crucial attractions: the missing. Making a man miss is the art. Fundamentally, boxers are elusive. They vanish one moment, reappear the next, rolling around the ring like the smoke in the light.

If the allure of boxing is hazy, the awe of the champion is clear. Regional vainglories like the World Cup or the World Series only aspire to the global importance of the heavyweight champion. Sullivan, Jack Dempsey, Joe Louis and Ali truly possessed the world—countries that couldn't have picked Jimmy Carter out of a lineup recognized Ali at a distance—to the extent that, in a recurring delusion, the world had trouble picturing boxing beyond him. When Dempsey went, he was taking boxing with him. If Louis surrendered, the game would be up. Without Ali, it was dead. Wiser heads, usually balanced like towels on the shoulders of old trainers, always smiled and said, "Someone will come along." Tyson's place in the line is undetermined, but he is certainly the one who came along.

In what is now a two-barge industry, Spinks will also have something to say about lineage. The fight is in Atlantic City instead of Las Vegas, which might be called the aging champion of fight towns if the challenger were not so decrepit. Atlantic City forces its smiles through neon casinos that, like gold crowns, only emphasize the surrounding decay. Similarly, Tyson is the younger party involved, but it hardly seems so. The boardwalk age guessers would be lucky to pick his century. He is 21.

All over Tyson's walls at the Ocean Club hotel are the old sepia photographs out of which he has stepped, going back to Mike Donovan, Jack Blackburn and Joe Jeannette, who in 1909 fought a 49-rounder that featured 38 knockdowns. Louis, Rocky Marciano and Ali are there, but Jack Johnson, Jim Jeffries and Stanley Ketchel are more prominent (John Lardner told Ketchel's 1910 fate in a pretty good sentence: "Stanley Ketchel was 24 years old when he was fatally shot in the back by the common-law husband of the lady who was cooking his breakfast.")

The repeaters in Tyson's gallery are Joe Gans and Battling Nelson. In a 79-year-old picture, Nelson is posing after a

the pain of football. That makes me wonder about him. Football is a hurting business."

If objections to a blood sport were simply medical and not moral, the outside linemen, who blindside diminutive quarterbacks would inspire grim alarms from the American Medical Association instead of cheery press-box bulletins about "mild concussions." The fact of boxing, not the fate of boxers, bothers people. Naturally, the pugilistic brain syndrome of Ali is saddening. And when Gaetan Hart and Cleveland Denny were breaking the ice for the first match of Leonard-Duran, it was regrettable that nearly no one at ringside so much as bothered to look up or today can even very easily recollect which one of them died. Regrettable, but not precisely regretted.

Only the most expendable men are boxers. All of the fighters who ever died—nearly 500 since 1918, when the *Ring* book started to keep tabs—haven't the political constituency of a solitary suburban child who falls off a trampoline. Observers who draw near enough to fights and fighters to think that they see something of value, something pure and honest, are sure to mention the desperate background and paradoxical gentleness, which even Tyson has in some supply. "I guess it's pretty cool," he says, to be the natural heir to John L. Sullivan, to hold an office of such immense stature and myth, to be able to drum a knuckle on the countertop and lick any man in the house. "If you say so."

Beyond the power and slam, the appeal of boxing may just be its simplicity.

knockout with his gloves balanced defiantly on his hips. Tyson struck that same attitude five months ago over the horizontal remains of Larry Holmes.

"I like them all," says the curator from Brownsville and Bedford-Stuyvesant, completing his tour. "but Nelson and Gans are special. Both of them great fighters [lightweights] and fellow opponents near their peak at the same time. That's always special."

In this at least, Michael Spinks can concur. Though ten years older than Tyson, he has managed to register three fewer professional bouts—31 to 34—and only four of those against heavyweights. All told, the two men share 65 victories and uneven parts of the mystical championship. While Tyson owns the various belts, Floyd Patterson says, "Spinks has the real title, my old title, the one handed down from person to person." Spinks was first to get to Holmes (whom he out-pointed twice), the acknowledged champion for seven years. Patterson forgets, though, that Holmes' branch of the title originated when Michael's older brother Leon skipped a mandatory defense in order to preserve a lucrative rematch with Ali. Holmes won his championship from Ken Norton, who won it from no one. He was assigned the vacated title on the strength of a slender decision over Jimmy Young that may have represented a backlash against the creaking mobster Blinky Palermo. Boxing is a dazzling business.

Cus D'Amato, the manager who stood up to the fight mob in the '50s, who defied the murderous Frankie Carbo and helped break the monopolist Jim Norris, died in 1985 at 77 and left Tyson in his will.

"More than me or Patterson," says D'Amato's other old champion, the lightweight Jose Torres, "Tyson is a clone of Cus's dream. Cus changed both of us, but he made Mike from scratch." In Brooklyn, Tyson had drawn the absent father and saintly mother, the standard neighborhood issue. "You fought to keep what you took," he says, "not what you bought." His literary pedigree is by Charles Dickens out of Budd Schulberg. When Tyson wasn't mugging and robbing, he actually raised pigeons, like Terry Malloy. A tough amateur boxer named Bobby Stewart discovered Tyson in the "bad cottage" of a mountain reformatory and steered him to D'Amato's informal halfway house at Catskill, N.Y.

Torres recalls the very sight of Tyson at 13: "Very short, very shy and very wide." D'Amato pegged him for a champion straight off, though the resident welterweight Kevin Rooney was dubious. "He looked like a big liar to me; he looked old." Hearing that he was destined to be champ, Tyson shrugged laconically. But

before long, everyone in the stable began to see him out of Cus's one good eye. "If he keeps listening," Rooney thought, "he's got a chance." The fighters' gym has a fascination of its own: the timeless loft, the faded posters, the dark and smelly world of the primeval man.

To D'Amato, the punching and ducking were rudimentary. Hands up, chin down. Accepting discipline was harder, and controlling emotion was hardest of all. "Fear is like fire," he never tired of saying. "It can cook for you. It can heat your house. Or it can burn it down." D'Amato's neck-bridging exercises enlarged Tyson's naturally thick stem to nearly 20 in., and the rest of him filled out in concrete blocks. Like every old trainer, D'Amato tried to instill a courtliness at

in three minutes, six of those within 60 seconds. He did not jab them; he mauled them with both hands. They fell in sections. His first couple of fights were in Albany, on the undercard of the welterweight Rooney, at an incubator suitably titled "the Egg." Rooney worked Tyson's corner and then fought the main events. Knowing time was short, D'Amato thought to leave a trainer too. "We were fighters together first," says Rooney, 32, who has not warred in three years (his delicate face is practically healed) but never officially retired. "That's my advantage as Mike's trainer, knowing how a fighter thinks. We're a legacy; he's the fighter; I'm the trainer. We're not in Cus's league, but we're close enough." At any mention of D'Amato, Tyson is capable of tears.



THE CHALLENGER Or the rightful heir?

the same time as he was installing the heavy machinery. "My opponent was game and gutsy," the 17-year-old Tyson remarked after dusting a Princeton man during the Olympic trials of 1984. "What round did I stop the gentleman in, anyway?"

But in two tries Tyson could not quite best the eventual gold-medal winner, Henry Tillman, who fought him backing up (Spinks' style, incidentally). When the second decision was handed down, Tyson stepped outside the arena and began to weep, actually to bawl, a cold kind of crying that carried for a distance. He was a primitive again. As the U.S. boxing team trooped through the airport after the trials, a woman mistakenly directed her good wishes to the alternate, Tyson. "She must mean good luck on the fight," said the superheavyweight Tyrell Biggs, a future Tyson opponent who would rue his joke.

Turning pro in 1985, Tyson knocked out 18 men for a start, twelve of them with-

For a time, boxing people questioned whether Tyson was tall enough, scarcely 5 ft. 11 in. "My whole life has been filled with disadvantages," he replied in a voice incongruously high and tender. Tyson's provocative description of himself as a small child is "almost effeminate-shy." But no one doubted the man was hard enough. He wanted to drive Jesse Ferguson's "nose bone into his brain." Civilized fighters like Bonecrusher Smith might choose to hang on in hopes of a miracle, but Tyson wearily informs every opponent, "There are no miracles here." When the circle finally came round to Biggs, the Olympic jester, Tyson "made him pay with his health. I could have knocked him out in the third round [rather than the seventh], but I wanted to do it slowly so he could remember this a long time."

Even for boxing, what this depicts is stark. But Tyson doesn't wince; he shrugs. "Basically I don't care what people think of me. I would never go out of my way to change someone's mind about me. I'm not in the communications business." This was made particularly clear to a wire-service reporter whose hand proffered in greeting was met with the chilling response, "One of your trucks ran over my dog." Tyson had confused U.P.I. with U.P.S.

In contrast, Michael Spinks cares how he is perceived. He keeps a dictionary handy, and privately speaks it into a tape recorder, since the time he was embarrassed by an unfamiliar word. As for communications, he is willing even to puzzle out cryptograms. From across the ring before Spinks' first Holmes fight, he studied the vacant figure of Ali, trundled in for ceremonial purposes. Ali's hands were at his sides and the fingers of one of them were jumping around in a pathetic way that even Spinks took for palsy. "Then I realized what he was doing. He was telling me, 'Stick, stick, stick, side to side, stick,



THE CELEBRITY Before shifting to Atlantic City, the champion enjoys the privacy of the Catskill Mountains

feint, move." I nodded my head, yes." Do softer sports have sweeter stories?

The little brother of Leon Spinks was obliged to be a fighter, since hand-me-down grudges were the uniforms of their neighborhood, the fiercest project in St. Louis. "What was it meant for me to do in this life?" Michael often wondered. "I was one hell of a paper salesman: the *Post-Dispatch*. Didn't win awards but made a lot of money, at least what we considered a lot. An honest dollar, my mother kept saying, and I liked it. I was 17, still working at papers—tall too. 'What are you doing?' the guys would ask. 'Uh, I'm just helping my brother.' I was one of the best dishwashers, then one of the best potwashers, you ever set your eyes on." But he never figured out what was meant for him to do in this life.

Following his 165-lb. victory in the 1976 Olympics, Spinks resisted the pros instinctively. "It's a strange business, where the guy who takes all the licks ends up with the least. Eventually, though, I decided I might as well try to cash in on the gold medal. Being it was such a dirty business, I had this idea that, together, Leon and I could fight the promoters and maybe come out of it with something." In 1978, Leon won and lost the heavyweight championship quicker than anyone ever had, and began tooling the wrong way up one-way streets with his teeth out. "Leon went haywire," Michael says kindly. "It was a circus. It was a jungle. Leon was Tarzan and everyone was after him."

A younger brother cannot decently talk to an older brother like a father, so Michael could only watch and sigh. He loves Leon, who was still losing 33-second fights as recently as last month. By 1981,

Michael had quietly won one of the several light-heavyweight championships from Eddie Mustafa Muhammad, and within another two years he consolidated all of the titles in a 15-round decision over Dwight Muhammad Qawi. Ten weeks before the Qawi fight, Spinks' common-law wife, the mother of their two-year-old daughter, was killed in an automobile accident. Spinks cried almost all the way to the ring. The old trainer Eddie Futch despaired. But the moment Spinks arrived, he seemed different. Leon was sitting at ringside in a cockeyed Stetson. "Straighten your hat, Lee," Michael said coldly.

Futch, a bouncy little man of 77, was a Golden Gloves teammate of Joe Louis' in 1934. Though only 140 lbs., he often sparred with Louis. "Always, on the last day before a fight, he wanted to be with me," Futch says happily. "I was difficult to hit." Eddie trained Joe Frazier, who was easy to hit. "The pressure Frazier exerted wore men down and made them make mistakes. He was perpetually in motion, always moving, bobbing and weaving. Tyson will go along and then explode. He probably hits as hard as Joe, though."

Norton, another Futch fighter, was as unorthodox as Spinks but less adaptable



THE LEGACY Trainer Rooney can take or teach a punch

"Most heavyweights are locked into a habit," says the sparring partner Qawi, co-champion no more. "But Michael can adjust." Even when Spinks is shadowboxing, Futch says, "I can see he's thinking, working out his plan, and changing it, and changing that." Spinks pledges, "I'll take something in with me, but I'll react to what I find in there."

Showing a modest manner uncommon among the unbeaten, Spinks explains, "I decided to become a heavyweight when I realized there was no money in being a light-heavyweight." The fight is promising his side \$13.5 million. The new bulk of 208 lbs. becomes Spinks as well as his old 175, but he concedes, "I've been hit harder by the bigger men and have found no pleasure in it."

takes that he might have to pay for." Is Spinks afraid? "Sure, I've got to have my fear," he says. "I refuse to go into the ring without it." But he also says, "I have a nice grip on my pride: I boss it around. I wear it when I should. I throw it in the corner when I don't need it." He'll need it sometime Monday night.

"This is the first time Tyson is going to meet some talent; Spinks is a thinking fighter," says the venerable trainer Ray Arcel, 89, who carted 13 opponents to Louis before beating him with Ezzard Charles. ("And you know something? As happy as I was for my guy, that's how sad I was for Joe.") Nothing can touch boxing for beautiful old men. "Tyson is learning how to think too," Arcel says. "He's picked up a lot from those old films he

("Hurricane") Hadley. The slippery leather thuds reverberate through the hall.

Not much like Rembrandt, Tyson fights by the numbers. "Seven-eight," Rooney calls the tune, signaling for combinations. "Feint, two-one. Pick it up, six-one. There you go, seven-one. Now make it a six." The savage sight of Tyson advancing on his sparring partners recalls the classic moan of an early matchmaker: "He fights you like you stole something from him." Uppercuts are especially urgent. "If you move away too much," says Oliver McCall, the best gym fighter of the nine revolving lawn sprinklers, "he'll punch your hipbone and paralyze you in place." Hurricane comes out of the ring still spinning. "He hit me on the top of my head," he whines. "It burns."

THE WIFE AND TURMOIL

Actress Givens is described by Spinks followers as the lead distraction in a barrage of them. "If you want to grow up real quick," Tyson says, "get married." Offering a brief escape, the pigeons of Atlantic City bring him back into an old mood. He is practicing covering up against everyone.



(He will spot Tyson maybe 10 lbs., Tyson will return 4 in. in height and 5 in. in reach.) On the chance that history was right about light-heavyweights never being able to step up, Spinks had left his daughter home from the first Holmes fight. "The second is the one she shouldn't have seen," he says, acknowledging a near-loss. In boxing, this qualifies as breathtaking honesty.

Spinks fellow Olympian, Sugar Ray Leonard, laughs at that. "He always seems so cynical and pessimistic," Leonard says. "First doom, then gloom, and finally he prevails. At the Olympics, I remember Michael Spinks as a guy who did things that worked, though they happened to be wrong. He'd step right, step left, cross his feet and hit you. He'd always set you up for the punch he wouldn't throw. And he seemed forever to be looking for something."

Not Tyson, surely. "He's a very powerful young man," whistles Spinks through an air-conditioned smile. "The majority of the guys he's fought have worried about getting hit—I worry about it too. He's got such an advantage; he's so strong. But he does things that are mis-

studies, including a little Jack Dempsey." He first saw Dempsey in 1916 in New York City, against John L. Johnson.

"John Lester Johnson," Tyson yawns. "No decision. Just ten rounds, I think. Dempsey wasn't a long-fight guy. He would break you up." A puzzlement curls his eyebrows. "When you're a historian, you know things, and you don't even know why you know them." Preparing for the day's sparring, greasing himself like a Channel swimmer and admiring the reflection in a full mirror, he sounds almost bookish, until Rooney turns up a copy of Plutarch's *Lives* and Tyson inquires archly, "Who wrote that? Rembrandt?"

In his own field, he is erudite. "Howard Davis was middle class, wasn't he?" Tyson muses idly, referring to another Olympian on Spinks' team. "Davis was a real good boxer. You can come from a middle-class background and be a real good boxer. But you have to know struggle to be the champ." Without socks, robe or orchestra, wearing headgear as spare as a World War I aviator's, Tyson hurries out to demonstrate his point against an unsteady corps of clay pigeons with perfect names like Michael ("the Bounty") Hunter and Rufus

In training-camp workouts and at ringside on fight night, the cauliflower reunions fill in another piece of the picture. They are bittersweet delights. Few of the usual suspects favor Spinks. Jake LaMotta thinks Tyson "is gonna go down as one of the greatest fighters of all times, and he's gonna break all records, and he's gonna be around a long, long time, and he's gonna make over \$100 million. I could be wrong, but that's my opinion." Billy Conn, the patron saint of overblown light-heavyweights, says, "I think Tyson will fix him up in a couple of rounds." Ali likes Spinks, but then Ali liked Trevor Berbick, whom Tyson knocked down three times with one punch. "I don't think Tyson will even be able to hit Spinks," Ali says. "He's like rubber."

Nobody speaks it with huge conviction, but the most promising theory in behalf of Spinks holds that the real world has recently descended on Tyson in the forms of a famous wife, a flamboyant mother-in-law, a \$4.5 million mansion in Bernardsville, N.J., a parade of luxury cars (including a dinged one worth \$180,000 that he tried to give away to the investigating officers) and a custody battle

Sport

that pits the well-cologned manager Bill Cayton against the understated promoter Don King. Last August, once Tyson had all the belts, King threw a coronation for history's youngest heavyweight champion. The melancholy scene recalled King Kong crusted with what the promoter called "baubles, rubies and fabulous other doodads." Beholding the dull eyes and meek surprise under the lopsided crown and chinchilla cloak, King said he was reminded "of Homer's Odysseus returning to Ithaca to gather his dissembled siefdoms." Sighs Tyson: "It's tough being the youngest anything."

According to Patterson, "When you have millions of dollars, you have millions

of heartthrobs were Michael Jordan and the comedian Eddie Murphy.

Tyson likes to say, "I suaved her." But he mentions, "It's no joke, I'll tell you. If you're not grown up and you want to grow up real quick, get married." In a slightly different context, but only slightly, he says, "So many fighters have been called invincible. Nobody's invincible."

Almost alone among boxers, Tyson has no entourage. It seems to be the only cliché he has avoided. He does his pre-dawn roadwork by himself on the boardwalk, grateful for the solitude. "I don't have any friends. I get paranoid around a lot of people. I can't relax." Besides Rooney and Cutman Matt Baranski, only

think of stuff like that. In my heart, I know what to do."

He is referring to horror, and a good many people do not want it done. In the regular processes of human cruelty, nobody is arguing against competition or any of the subtler forms of combat. It's just that using brains to extinguish brains seems a little direct. Developing balance to knock somebody off-balance, honing eyesight to administer shiners, marshaling memory and ingenuity and audacity and dexterity—and coordinating all of them against themselves, and against coordination—seems self-destructive to a society.

Speaking in Japan some time ago,



of friends." The Tyson camp's slice of this fight is \$22 million, bringing his bundle so far to more than \$40 million. "I originally picked him, and I still do," Patterson allows, "but now I give Spinks a chance." Torres looks at it the other way: "Who knows? It could be good. After all, doesn't he come from turmoil?" A little overwhelmed, Tyson says, "When I'm out of boxing, I'm going to tell everyone I'm bankrupt." In a sepioid mood again, he adds that "Damon Runyon never wrote about fighters beating up their wife or getting into car accidents."

Before Tyson arranged to meet Robin Givens, 23, the television actress (*Head of the Class*) who took him for a husband in February, he once said, "I look in the mirror every day. I know I'm not Clark Gable. I wish I could find a girl who knew me when I was broke and thought I was a nice guy." Following the wedding ceremony, auditors and lawyers started to arrive. In Givens' estimation, "he's strong and sensitive and gentle. I feel protected, but he's so gentle that sometimes I think I have to protect him." Among her previ-

Steve Lott is admitted to the inner sanctum. "I'm the spit-bucket man," Lott says with shining eyes. "I would give my life for that." He was a handball buddy of Jimmy Jacobs, an honored player who died at 58 last March, reportedly of leukemia. Jacobs and his business partner Cayton, keepers of the most extensive film archives in boxing, were longtime benefactors of D'Amato's teacherage and co-managed Tyson. Lott is essentially a public relations liaison, but is as devoted as Tyson to the flickering images of history, and seems astounded that they suddenly include him.

"To be in the corner!" Lott exclaims. "To be in the dressing room! In that room before the fight, just the four of us, our heartbeats are deafening. When it gets really quiet, it's almost a despair. I don't know what it is. Maybe we don't want it to be over." Coming to life on the subject, Tyson says, "That's my favorite time, just before. I'm so calm. The work is over. You fight and you go home. Before or after, I don't respect any of them more than another. What they look like doesn't really matter. I never dwell on what's to be done or what's been done. I just don't

Jose Torres was asked why Puerto Rico had so many boxing champions and Japan so few. "You can't have champions in a society that is content," he answered. "My kids can't be champions. I spoiled them." Ken Norton's son has become a pro football player. "You have to know struggle," Tyson says.

Of course, those who would take boxing away from the strugglers offer no plan to replace it. And no one wants to acknowledge that it may be irreplaceable. The high-minded view is that boxing will exist only as long as whatever it reflects in mankind exists, although picturing Spinks slaughtering Tyson is easier than imagining a world without men who ball their fists for pleasure or prizes. The big fight doesn't come along so often anymore, defined as the kind that can get in people's stomachs and occasionally have trouble staying there. But here it is again, for twelve rounds or less.

Perhaps the true horror is that there has always been a class poor enough for this, and maybe that's why so many people avert their eyes. Why others have to watch is a perplexity, and why some have to cheer is personal.

Cinema

Creatures of a Subhuman Species

WHO FRAMED ROGER RABBIT Directed by Robert Zemeckis
Screenplay by Jeffrey Price and Peter S. Seaman

I used to be that Saturday matinee offered dessert before dinner, a nifty Hollywood cartoon or three before the feature film. Daffy Duck would fume, but gracefully, through some dethpickable humiliation. Droopy dog would corral a wolf felon by employing the emotional minimalism of a Buster Keaton on Quaaludes. Maybe there'd be an early Disney cartoon for more refined preteen appetites. And then, on with the main attraction! The feature was often a broken-down B-minus monster movie, and pretty much an aesthetic anticlimax after the seven-minute masterpieces that opened the show. At the time, of course, nobody figured to hang cartoons in a museum. Chuck Jones, Tex Avery and the Disney elves were considered ghetto artisans then, not the Leonardos of cinema comedy. But even a ten-year-old moviegoer knew that these guys, on the screen and behind the scenes, were a hard act to follow.

In this elaborate new blend of animation and live action co-produced by Disney and Steven Spielberg, the "cartoon before the movie" is how the movie begins. As you settle into your seat, the Maroon cartoon studio logo flares onto the screen, announcing *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*, starring Baby Herman and Roger Rabbit. For a few minutes of inventive mayhem, the infant crawls toward every lethal kitchen appliance while his harried hare of a baby-sitter works frantically to keep things from blowing up. It's the comedy of anticipated disaster—the nightmare anxiety that propelled so many of Avery's slapstick tragedies—and it works just fine. Too fine; the opening cartoon upstages the movie that emerges from it.

It is the film's nice conceit that Roger, Baby Herman and all the other characters from '40s Hollywood animation are creatures of a subhuman species known as Toons. They breathe, they emote, and sometimes they get cuckolded by their sultry wives. Jessica Rabbit, Roger's spouse, is one such bimboette. "I'm not bad," Jessica pouts, "I'm just drawn that way." But all Toontown knows she's been spending



True bunny buddies: Roger cuffed to Bob Hoskins

time with Marvin Acme, who owns the local gagworks. So when Marvin gets bumped off, Roger is the prime suspect. His only hope is Eddie Valiant (Bob Hoskins), a human detective who has been burned out and bitter ever since a Toon killed his brother by dropping a piano on the poor sib's head.

Roger Rabbit careers like a Toontown trolley and boasts a technical dexterity that Walt Disney could only have dreamed of. At first you may snap to suspicious attention when, say, a cartoon stork pedals a real bicycle, or Jessica diddles a human's necktie. But the film encourages you to vacation in its ingenuity. Drop by the Ink and Paint Club, Toontown's toniest dive, where the password is "Walt sent

me," penguin waiters patrol in tuxedos, and Daffy and Donald Duck, together for the first time, perform a piano duet. Meet old friends like Mickey and Bugs, Tweety and Betty Boop, and new ones, like the '80s version of Snow White's dwarfs: Greasy,

Wheezy, Smart Ass, Psycho and Stupid. Once the plot gets rolling, and Hoskins is handcuffed to his fugitive client, you may forget that Roger was drawn onto the scene long after it was shot.

"You mean you could have taken your hand out of that handcuff at any time?" an incredulous Eddie asks Roger after the rabbit slips his shackles. "Not at any time," comes the retort. "Only when it was funny." Such are the Toontown laws of physics; they do not always apply to this movie. Every framed frame is beguiling, as befits a pioneering project made by Robert Zemeckis (*Back to the Future*) and ace Animator Richard Williams. But not all the gags—even those quoted from such Bugs Bunny classics as *Falling Hare* and *Rabbit Seasoning*—have

the limber wit of the cartoons that inspired them. Nor do the human actors add much. Hoskins, in a role for which Eddie Murphy and Bill Murray were considered, lacks their effortless star quality. He's more like an armor-plated Yosemite Sam, gruff and explodable. Only Christopher Lloyd, as the evil Judge Doom with a scheme even more nefarious than the one hatched by the burghers of *Chinatown*, easily straddles the film's two worlds.

Working in anonymity, the old masters of animation were free to wreak fertile anarchy. Today those cartoons are deemed big art, and *Roger Rabbit* is big business. The film cost about a zillion simoleons (well, \$35 million) and carries a humongous 739 names on the credits (not including Kathleen Turner, who lends her voice to Jessica). Something got lost in the move from storyboard to screen, and in the stretch from seven minutes to 103. From sad experience, Disney and Spielberg should know the perils of paying huge homage to modest genres, yet *Roger Rabbit* has the odor of a Toontown *Ton*, a 1941 for 1988. Zemeckis deserves credit for his will and wit, but he must have been handcuffed by the size of both the film and his ambitions for it. And, unlike the cartoon Roger Rabbit, this gifted director couldn't get out. Even when it wasn't funny. —By Richard Corliss



Sultry Jessica R. serenades a couple of Toontowners

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